

THE
SPARAGVS
Garden:

A COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeare 1635. by the then
Company of Revels, at *Salisbury*
Court.

The Author *Richard Brome.*

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Oker*, for *Francis Constable*, and
are to be sold at his shops in Kings-
street at the signe of the Goat,
and in Westminster-hall. 1640.

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To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM Earle of New-

Castle, &c. Governour to the

Prince his Highnesse.

My LORD,



Our favourable *Construction*
of my poore *Labours* com-
manded my *Service* to your
Honour, and, in that, betray'd
your worth to this *Dedication*:

I am not ignorant how farre *unworthy* my
best *endeavours* are of your *least allowacne*;
yet let your *Lordship* be pleased to know
you, in this, share but the inconveniences
of the most renowned Princes as you par-
take of their glories: And I doubt not,
but it will more divulge your noble *Disposi-*

A2

tion

The Epistle DEDICATORY.

tion to the World, when it is knowne
you can freely pardon an *Officious trespasse*
against your Goodnes. *Cesar* had never bin
commended for his *Clemency*, had there
not occasion beene offered, wherein hee
might shew, how willingly hee could for-
give: I shall thanke my Fortune, if this
weake presentation of mine shall any way
encrease the *Glory of your Name* among
Good Men, which is the chiefest ayme
and onely study of

Your Honours devoted servant.

Richard Brome.

TO

To his deserving friend Mr. Richard Brome
on his Sparagus Garden, a Comedy.

What ever walke I in your Garden use,
Breeds my delight, and makes me love thy Muse
For the designment; for I cannot spie
A prospect, which doth more invite mine eye.
I'm in a maze, and know not how to find
A freedom, that will more delight my mind.
Then this imprisonment within thy Bower,
Where houres seeme minutes, and each day an hower.
Nor were my stay perperuall, could I grieve,
Where such rare fruits mine appetite relieve.
The envious *Wilde* would recant to see
How much opprest is every virgin tree.
With her owne burthen: Leekes, and Alloroes here
Are food for Crittles, but the choyce cheere,
For those, can sellish Delicates I might
In praying of thy worth, be infinite:
But thou art modest and disdain'st to beare
A tedious, glorious, needlesse Character
Of thee, and of thy *Mower*: Yet I could say,
(Give me but leave) it is no common Play,
Within thy plot of ground, no Weed doth spring
To hurt the growth of any Vntersing:
Nor is thy Laborious confid, but wee
In that disorder, may proportion see:
Thy Herbs are physcail, and do more good
In purging Humors, then some's letting blood.

C. G.

To the Author on his Sparagus
Garden.

Friend,

What dost meane, that thus thou dost entice
Thy Lovers, thus to walke in Paradies?
Most skillfull Artift / that so well dost know
To plant, for profit, as for out-ward show,
For on thy *Sparagus* are throughly pleased
Our intellects; others scarce hunger eased.
The wisest of the Age shall hither come,
And thinke their time well spent as was their summe.
The Squire-ey'd Criticke that such care do's take,
To looke for that he loatheth to partake,
Now crossing his warp'd Nature shall be kind,
And vexing grieve 'cause he no fault can find.
The ignorant of the times that do delight,
Not in a Play, but how to waste day-light,
Shall resort hither, 'till that you desery,
With pleasure, smiling *April* in each eye.
Alcinou's garden, which each day did spring,
And her lov'd fruit unto perfection bring,
Ought not compare with this: Here Men did grow
Such care thy Arte and Labour did bestow
For man's wel-being, and a new create,
And poysse them up above a needie Fate.
Is it not pittie ought should hurt this Spring?
(A Serpent in a Garden's no new thing)
Yet wisely hath thy goodnesse tooke a care,
He should sting none, but who censorious are.

The Prologue to the Play.

HE, that his wonted modesty retaynes,
 And never set a price upon his Braines
 Above your Judgments; nor did ever strive
 By Arrogance or Ambition to atchieve
 More praise unto himselfe, or more applause
 Vnto his Scenes, then such, as know the Lawes
 Of Comedy do give; He only those
 Now prays may scan his Verse, and weigh his Prose:
 Yet thus far he thinks meet to let you know
 Before you see't, the Subject is so low,
 That to expect high Language, or much Cost,
 Were a sure way, now, to make all be lost.
 Pray looke for none: He'le promise such hereafter,
 To take your graver judgments, now your laughter
 Is all he aymes to moove. I had more to say—
 The Title, too, may prejudice the Play,
 It sayes the *Sparagus Garden*; if you looke
 To feast on that, the Title spoiles the Booke.
 We have yet a tast of it, which he doth lay
 I'th midst o'th journey, like a Bait by th' way:
 Now see with Candor: As our Poets free,
 Pray let be so your *Jugenuity*.

The Epilogue.

AT first we made no boast, and still we feare,
 We have not answer'd expectation here,
 Yet give us leave to hope, as hope to live,
 That you will grace, as well as Iustice give.
 We do not dare your Judgments now: for we
 Know lookers on more then the Gamsters see;
 And what ere Poets write, we All, or say,
 Tis only in your hands to Crowne a Play.



The Persons in the Comedy.

- Gilbert } *son to the young Gentleman and friends;*
 Walter } *And new acquaintance; not his ever live*
- Touch-wood } *By Attendance or Ambition to study*
 Striker. } *Old adventures, and Insects.*
- Samuel, *Sonne to Touch-wood*
 Mony-lacks, *a worthy Knight, that lives by fight.*
 Brittleware } *Confederates with Mony-lacks.*
 Springe } *That to expect high Language, or much Col*
- Tim. Hoyden, *the new made Gentleman.*
 Coulter, *his friend.*
 Thomas Hoyden, *Tim. Hoydens brother.*
 Sir Arnold Cautious, *a state Bachelor, and a ridiculous*
 Lover of women.
 A Gardiner. *It takes the Garden; if you look*
 Trampler, *a Lawyer.* *To teach no that the little spoils the little*
 Curat. *We have yet a staff of it which he holds*
 Three Courtiers. *I sh'ld wish to journey like a Bird by the*
 Now we with Candor: As our Love's free
- Annabel, *Daughter to Mony-lacks, and Grand-child to*
 Striker.
- Frifwood, *her nurse: and House-keeper to Striker.*
 Rebecca, *wife to Brittle-ware.*
 Martha, *the Gentleman's wife.*
 Three Ladies.

THE



THE Sparagus Garden.

Act I. Scene I.

Walter, Gilbert, Touchwood.

Walt. Feare we shall doe no good upon him.
Gil. We shall neverthelesse discharge the office of friends in our endeavour. I meane to put it home to him.
Walt. And so will I.

Gil. But be sure you lye at a close ward the while; for hee is a most subtil and dangerous Fencer to deale withall.

Walt. I understand you.

Gil. He has not his name for nothing, old *Touchwood*! he is all fire if he be incens'd; but so soft and gentle that you may wind him about your finger, or carry him in your bosome if you handle him rightly: but still be wary, for the least sparke kindles him. Hee comes.

B

Touch.

The Sparagus Garden.

Touch. With me gentlemen?

Gil. Onely a few neighbourly and friendly words sir.

Touch. Oh you are most friendly welcome good Mr. *Gilbert Gilawire*, and Mr. *Walter Chamlet* I take yee to be.

Ambo. The same sir at your service.

Touch. Your fathers both were my good neighbours indeed, worthy and well reputed members of the City while they lived: but that may be read upon the Hospitall walls, and gates; it is enough for me to say they lov'd me: *Sarson Touchwood*! and I were a wretch if I should not honour their memory in their happy succession: Agen gentlemen you are welcome.

Gil. Yet you may be pleas'd sir to remember, though our fathers were both loving friends to you, yet they were sometimes at odds one with another.

Touch. True, true, ever at odds: They were the common talke of the towne for a paire of wranglers; still at strife for one trifle or other: they were at law logger-heads together, in one match that held 'em tugging one the tother by the purse-strings a matter of nine yeares, and all for a matter of nothing. They cours'd one another from Court to Court, and through every Court Temporall and Spirituall; and held one an other play till they lost a thousand pound a man to the Lawyers, and till it was very sufficiently adjudged that your father was one foole, and your father was another foole. And so againe gentlemen you are welcome: now your businesse.

Walt. You may now be pleas'd sir to remember that our fathers grew friends at last.

Touch. Heaven forbid else.

Gil. And note the cause, the ground of their reconciliation, which was upon the love, betwixt me and this gentleman's sister. My fathers Sonne married his fathers Daughter, and our two fathers grew friends, and wise men agen.

Touch. To the poynt good gentlemen, yet you are welcome.

Gil. Troth sir the poynt is this: You know (and the towne has tane sufficient notice of it) that there has been a long contention betwixt you and old Mr. *Striker*, your neighbour——

Touch. Ha?

Gil. And the cause or ground of your quarrell (for ought any
body

The Sparagus Garden.

body knowes but your selves) may be as triviall, as that which was derided in our fathers.

Touch. Are you there with me ?

Gil. And great hopes there are, and wagers laid by your friends on both sides, that you two will be friends.

Touch. He hold you an hundred pounds o' that.

Gil. Nay, more, that Mr. *Striker* will bee willing to give his Grand-child to your Son, so you'll give your consent.

Touch. And your comming is to perswade that, is it not ? if it be so, speake, deale plainly with me gentlemen, whilst yet you are welcome.

Walt. Insooth it is so, we come to negotiate the match for your sonne, and your friendship with old Mr. *Striker*.

Touch. You are not welcome.

Gil. But when you weigh the reasons, and consider the perfect love of the yong paire, and how the world will praise your reconciliation, and blesse the providence, that made their loves the meanes to worke their parents charity.

Touch. Againe you are not welcome.

Gil. Your selfe but now commended the attonement Of our two fathers, wrought by the same meanes : I meane my marriage with his sister here Against as great an opposition.

Walt. But our fathers lov'd their children.

Touch. Your fathers were a couple of doting fooles, and you a paire of sawcy knaves ; now you are not welcome : and more then so, get you out of my doores.

Gil. Will you sir, by your wilfulnesse, cast away your sonne ?

Touch. My sonne ? no sonne of mine, I have cast him off already for casting an eye upon the daughter of mine enemy : let him goe, let him packe ; let him perish : he comes not within these doores, and you, that are his fine spoken spokes-men, get you off o' my ground I charge you.

Walt. We are gone sir : onely but wishing you Mr. *Touchwood* to remember that your sonne's your sonne.

Touch. Indefinitely not sir, untill hee does not onely renounce all interest in the love of that baggage ; but doe some extraordinary mischief in that family to right me for the trespass hee has

The Sparagus Garden.

done; and so win my good opinion, till which bee done a daily curse of mine hee shall not misse; and so you may informe him.

Exit.

Gil. What an uncharitable wretch is this?

Walt. The touchiest peece of *Touchwood* that's re I met withall.

Gil. I fear'd we should inflame him.

Walt. All the comfort is, his sonne may yet out-live him.

Act 1. Scene 2. Walter, Gilbert, Samuel.

Gil. **B**Ut the danger is, his father may disinherit him.
Walt. He cannot be so devillish; here comes his sonne, a gentleman of so sweet a disposition, and so contrary to his crabbed Sire, that a man who never heard of his mothers vertue might wonder who got him for him.

Gil. Not at all I assure you, *Sam* is his fathers nowne sonne: for the old man you see, is gentle enough, till he be incens'd; and the sonne being mov'd, is as fiery as the father.

Walt. But he is very seldome and slowly mov'd; his father often and o' the suddaine.

Gil. I prethee would'st thou have greene wood take fire as soone as that which is old and sere?

Walt. He is deepe in thought.

Gil. Over head and cares in his Mrs. contemplation.

Sam. To disobey a father, is a crime

In any sonne unpardonable. Is this rule

So generall that it can beare noe exception?

Or is a fathers power so illimitable,

As to command his sonnes affections?

And so controule the Conquerour of all men.

Even *Love* himselfe? no: he, that enterprizes

So great a worke, forgets he is a man;

And must in that forget he is a father,

And so if he forgoe his nature, I

By the same Law may leave my Piety.

But stay, I would not lose my selfe in following

This wild conceit

Gil. How now *Sam*, whither away?

Sam.

The Sparagus Garden.

Sam. I was but casting how to find the way
Unto my selfe. Can you direct me gentlemen?

Walt. Yes, yes; your father has told us the way.

Sam. Ha you had conference with him? ha yee? speake.

Gil. Marry sir ha we, and I thinke to purpose.

Sam. Ha you wonne ought upon him to my advantage?

Walt. As much as may restore you to acquaintance
With him againe, can you but make good use on't.

Sam. Pray doe not trifle with me; tell me briefly.

Gil. Briefly he sayes you must not dare to see him;
Nor hope to receive blessing to the valew

Of a new three-pence, till you disclaime your love

In your faire *Annebell*; and not onely so,

But you must doe some villanous mischievous act

To vexe his adversary, her Grand-father;

Or walke beneath his curse in bznishment.

Sam. A most uncharitable and unnaturall sentence.

Walt. But thinke withall it is your father, that

Makes this decreec; obey him in the execution:

He has a great Estate, you are his onely sonne;

Doe not lose him, your fortune, and your selfe

For a fraile peece of beauty: shake her off;

And doe some notable thing against her house,

To please your father

Sam. The Divell speakes it in thee,

And with this spell I must Conjure him out.

Gil. Oh friend you are too violent.

Sam. Hee's too desperate,

Tourge me to an act of such injustice.

Can her faire love, to whom my faith is given,

Be answered with so loud an injury?

Or can my faith so broken yield a sound

Lesse terrible than thunder, to affright

All love and constancy out of the breast

Of every Virgin that shall heare the breach

Of my firme faith?

Gil. Be not so passionate.

Sam. I have no further power to doe an out-rage

The Sparagus Garden.

Against that Family to whom my heart
Is link'd, then to rip out this troubled heart
The onely ominous cause, indeed, of all.
My over passionate fathers cruelty; and that
(If I must needs doe an injurious Office)
Alone, shall be my act to calme his fury.

Gil. Prethee blow o're this passion; thou wert wont
To affect wit, and canst not be a Lover
Truely without it. Love is wit it selfe,
And through a thousand lets will find a way
To his desired end.

Sam. The Ballet taught you that.

Gil. Well said, *Love will find out the way*:
I see thou art comming to thy selfe againe,
Can there no shift, no witty slight be found
(That have been common in all times and ages)
To blind the eyes of a weake-sighted father,
And reconcile these dangerous differences
But by blood-shedding, or outrageous deeds,
To make the feud the greater? recollect
Thy selfe good *Sam*; my house, my purse, my counsell
Shall all be thine, and *Was* shall be thy friend.

Walt. Let me entreate your friendship.

Sam. And me your pardon.

Gil. So, so, all friends; let's home and there consult
To lay the tempest of thy fathers fury;
Which cannot long be dangerous, 'tis but like
A storme in *April*, spent in swift extreames,
When straight the Sun shootes forth his cheerefull beames. *Ex.*

All 1. Scene 3.^d *Striker, Money-lacks.*

Stri. **Y**ou will not assault me in mine owne house? I hope you
will not; nor urge me beyond my patience with your
borroughing attempts! good sir *Hugh Money-lacks* I hope you
will not.

Mon. I hope I mov'd you not, but in faire language sir;
Nor spoke a syllable that might offend you.

The Sparagus Garden.

I have not us'd the word of loane, or borrowing; Onely some private conference I requested.

Sir. Private conference! a new coyn'd word: for borrowing of money; I tell you, your very face, your countenance (though it be gloss'd with Knight-hood) lookes so borrowingly, that the best words you give me are as dreadfull as *Stand and deliver*, and there I thinke I was w^ye. I am plaine w^ye sir, old *Will Striker* I.

Mon. My father *Striker*, I am bold to call you.

Sir. Your father! no, I desire no such neare acquaintaunce with you, good sir *Hugh Many-Lucks*: you are a Knight and a noble gentleman, I am but an Esquire and out of debt; and there I thinke I was w^ye againe.

Mon. I shall be with you anon, when you have talk'd your selfe out of breath.

Sir. 'Tis true; I had the honour to be your Worships father in law when time was, that your Knight-hood married and Lady-fied a poore daughter of mine: but yet she had five thousand pounds in her purse if you please to remember it; and as I remember you had then foureteene hundred a yeare: But where is it now? and where is my daughter now? poore abus'd Innocent; your riotousnesse abroad, and her long night watches at home shortned her dayes, and cast her into her grave—— And 'twas not long before all your estate was buried too; and there I was w^ye againe I take it: but that could not fetch her againe.

Mon. No sir, I wish my life might have excus'd Hers, farre more precious: never had a man A iuster cause to mourne.

Sir. Nor mournd more justly, it is your onely wearing; you have just none other: nor have had meanes to purchase better any time these seaven yeares as I take it. By which meanes you have got the name of the mourning Knight; and there I am sure I was w^ye.

Mon. Sir, if you will not be pleas'd to heare my desires to you, let me depart without your derision.

Sir. Even when you please, and whither you please good sir *Hugh Many-Lucks*: my house shall bee no enchanted Castle to detain your Knight-errandship from your adventures. I hope
your

The Sparagus Garden.

your errand hither was but for your dinner; and so farre forth (and especially at your going forth) you are welcome. Your daughter I doe keepe, and will for her poore mothers sake; (that was my daughter) peace be with her — she shall be no more a trouble to you; nor be your child any longer; I have made her mine; I will adopt her into mine owne name, and make her a *Striker*; she shall be no more a *Money-lacke*, and if thee please me well in matching with a husband, I know what I will doe for her.

Mon. I thanke you sir.

Stri. Doe you thanke me sir, I assure you you neede not; for I meane so to order her estate, and bind it up in that trust that you shall never finger a farthing on't: am I wye sir?

Mon. I cannot chuse but thanke you though in behalfe of my child.

Stri. Call her your child agen, or let mee but heare that you suffer her to aske you a bare blessing, ile send her after you upon adventures sir Knight; and who shall give a portion with her then? or what can she hope from a father that groanes under the weight of a Knight-hood for want of meanes to support it?

Mon. I shall finde meanes to live without your trouble hereafter.

Stri. You may, you may; you have a wit sir *Hugh*, and a projective one; what, have you some new project a foot now, to out-goe that of the *Hand-barrowes*? what, call you 'em the *Sedams*? oh cry you mercy, cry you mercy; I heard you had put in for a share at the *Asparagus Garden*; or that at least you have a Pension thence; to be their Gather-guest and bring 'em custome, and that you play the fly of the new Inne there; and sip with all companies: am I wye there sir?

Mon. You may be when you please sir; I can command the best entertainment there for your mony.

Stri. In good time sir.

Mon. In the meane time sir, I had no mind to begge nor borrow of you, and though you will not give me leave to call you father, nor my daughter my daughter, yet I thought it might become my care to advertise you (that have taken the care of her from me) of a danger that will much afflict you, if it bee not carefully

The Sparagus Garden.

carefully prevented.

Siri. How's this?

Mon. You have an adversary —

Siri. But one that I know, the rascall my neighbour *Touckwood*.

Mon. There I am w'ye sir, I am inform'd that his onely sonne is an earnest Suitor to your Daughter: (I must not call her 'mine)

Siri. How's that?

Mon. That there is a deepe secret love betwixt 'em; and that they have had many private meetings: and a stolne match very likely to be made if you prevent it not.

Siri. Can this be true?

Mon. Give me but a pcece from you, and if by due examination you find it not so, ile never see your face agen till you send for me.

Siri. To be rid of you take it.

Gives it.

Mon. I am gone sir, and yet I thinke i' me w'ye.

Exit.

Siri. Is the Divell become a match-broker? what, who with- in there: what?

Annabell & what *Friswood*?

Act 1. Scene 4. Friswood, Striker.

Fris. **H**Eere sir, I am here forsooth.

Siri. Are you so forsooth? but where's your Mistris forsooth?

Fris. Lifting is good sometimes; I heard their talke, and am glad on't.

Siri. Where is your Mrs. I say?

Fris. My Mrs. *Annabell*, forsooth, my young Mrs?

Siri. What other Mrs. hast thou but the Divells Dam her selfe, your old Mrs.? and her I aske not for; good Mrs. *Flibber de Jibb* with the French fly-flap o' your coxecombe.

Fris. Is the old man mad troe?

Siri. I aske for *Annabell*.

Fris. Blesse me! how doe you looke?

Siri. Where's *Annabell* I say? fetch her me quickly, least I bast her out of your old Whit-leather hide.

Fris. How youthfull you are growne? she is not farre to fetch sir; you know you commanded her to her chamber, and not to

The Sparagus Garden.

appeare in sight, till her debauch'd father was gone out o'the house.

Siri. And is not he gone now forsooth? why call you her not?

Fris. I warrant hee has told you some tale on her. That lewd Knight, now he has undone himselfe by his unthrifty practises, begins to practise the undoing of his daughter too! is it not so forsooth? has he not put some wickednesse into your head to set you against her?

Siri. I never knew thee a Witch till now.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha; I warrant hee told you that your adversary *Touchwoods* sonne, and my Mistris *Annabell* are in love league together.

Siri. Marry did he; and I will know the truth.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha.

Siri. Dar'st thou laugh at me?

Fris. No, no; but I laugh at the poore Knights officiousnes, in hope of some great reward for the gullery that I put upon him: ha, ha, ha. Good sir a little patience, and I will tell you. Ha, ha, ha—'twas I that devised it for a lye, and told it him in hope that his telling of it to you, would provoke you to beate him out o'the house; for reporting a thing that had no probability or resemblance of a truth in it.

Siri. Is it but so?

Fris. Sir I have beene your creature this thirty yeares, downe lying and uprising; (as you know) and you should beleeeve mee, you had me in my old Mistresses dayes—

Siri. I, thou wast a handsome young wench then; now thou art old.

Fris. Yet not so wondrous old as to be sung in a Ballet for't, or to have beene able ere *Adam* wore beard to have crept into *Eve's* bed, as I did into my Mistresses. (Heaven pardon you, as I doe with all my heart.)

Weepe.

Siri. What in thy fooleries now?

Fris. Nor so old nei her but you are content to make a forry shift with me still; as your abilities will serve you—

Weepe.

Siri. Come, come; thou art not old.

Fris. Nay that's not it that troubles me: but that I, that serv'd you before your daughter was borne; I meane your daughter that

was

The Sparagus Garden.

was mother to this daughter which now you have made your daughter; that I that saw the birth, the marriage, and the death of your daughter; and have had the governance of this her daughter ever since, till now she is marriageable; and have all this while been as pliant as a twig about you, and as true as the sheath to your Steele as we say, that I should now be mistrusted to connive at an ill match for her, for whom my chiefest care has bin from the Cradle? there's the unkindnesse.

Weepe.

Sir. Enough, enough; *Fid.* I beleeve there is no such matter.

Fris. I thought you had knowne me ——— *Weepe.*

Sir. I doe, I doe; I prethee good *Fid* be quiet, it was a witty trick of thee to mocke the poore Knight withall: but a poxe on him, he cost me a peece for his newes; there's another for thee: but the best is he hath tyed himselfe by it, never to trouble mee more; I have that into my bargaine.

Fris. And you would tye me so too; would you?

Sir. Not so *Fid*, not so: but looke to my Girle, and thus farre marke me. If ever I find that young *Tenchwood*, the sonne of that miscreant, whose hatred I would not lose for all the good neighborhood in the Parish; if ever I say, he and your charge doe but looke upon one another, ile turne her and you both out o' doores: there I will be w'ye, looke to't.

Fris. Agreed sir; agreed.

Sir. Looke to't I say, I must abroad, my anger is not over yet: I would I could meete my adversary to scold it out; I shall bee sicke else.

Exit.

Fris. 'Twas well I over-heard 'em, my young lovers had bin spoyl'd else: had not I crost the old angry mans purpose before he had met with the young rimerous Virgin, she had confest all; and and all had bin dash'd now.

Act 1. Scene 5. Annabell, Friswood, Sam.

An. **H**OW now *Fris.* is my Grand-father gone out of doore?

Fris. If he were as sife out o' the world, it were well for you.

An. Nay say not so good *Fris.*

Fris. Your unlucky father has destroyed all your hopes in Mr.

The Sparagus Garden.

Sam Touchwood; in discovering your loves (what Divell soever gave him the intelligence) and you must resolve never to see your sweet *Sam* againe.

An. I must resolve to dye first : oh.

Sinker.

Fris. Ods pittie ! how now ! why Mrs. why *Annabell*, why Mrs. *Annabell*; looke up, looke up I say, and you shall have him spight of your Grand-father and all his workes : what doe you thinke I am an Infidell, to take Mr. *Samuels* forty peeeces ? and a Ronlet of old Muskadine for nothing ? come be well, and indeed you shall have him.

An. Oh *Sam*, sweet *Sam*—

Fris. These love-sicke maides seldome call upon other Saints then their sweet-hearts; looke up I say, your sweet *Sam* is coming.

An. Ha, where? where is he; why doe you abuse me ?

Scene. Enter Sam.

Fris. I say he will come presently; looke up I say, forgive me ! he comes indeed : my Mr. thought I was a witch, and I now suspect my selfe for one. Oh Mr. *Samuel*, how came you hither ? here he is Mrs. what meane you to come now to undoe her and your selfe too ? yet she had dyed and you had not come as you did. Why doe you not looke upon him and be well ? get you gone, we are all undone if my Mr. come backe and find you : speake to her quickly, then kisse her and part, you will bee parted for ever else.

Sam. How fares my love ?

An. Better then when I was in earthly being,
This bosome is a heaven to me; through death
I am arriv'd at bliss'e, most happily
To be so well reviv'd thou mad'st me dye.

Fris. I made you not dye, as you will dye, if you stand prating till my Mr. returne and take you : for Mr. *Samuel*, I must tell you Mr. *Samuel*, he knowes all Mr. *Samuel*.

Sam. My father knowes as much, and that's the cause
Of my adventuring hither to instruct you
In a strange practice; here it is in writing,

A paper.

'Tis

The Sparagus Garden.

'Tis such a secret that I durst not trust
My tongue with the conveyance of't; nor have I
The confidence to heare it read: take it,
And in my absence joine your best advises,
To give it life and action; 'tis rule-
Which (though both hard and grievous to pursue)
Is all that can our hopes in love renew.

Fris. What horrible thing must we doe tooe? pray let mee see
the paper, I hope there is no pistolling nor poisoning in it: though
my old *Striker* come short of the man he was to bee with me, I
would be loath to shorten his dayes with the danger of my neck;
or making a Bon-fire in Smithfield: pray let me see the paper.

Sam. Not untill my departure gentle *Friswood*.

Fris. Is there such horreur in it, that you dare not stand the
opening of the paper?

Sam. Consider sweet our love is Feaver sick,
Even desperately to death;
And nothing but a desperate remedy
Is left us: for our bodily health, what sowre
Unfavorly loathsome medicines we will take
But to remove an Ague?
What sharpe incisions, fearings, and cruell Corfives
Are daily suffer'd, and what limbes dissever'd
To keepe a Gangrene from the vitall parts,
That a dismembred body yet may live!
We in like case must to preserve our love,
(If we dare say we love) adventure life,
Fame, Honour, which are all but Loves attendants
To maintaine it.

An. I understand you, sweet,
And doe before I read your strong injunction,
Resolve to give it faithfull execution
What ere it be. I ha got courage now,
And (with a constant boldnesse let me tell you)
You dare not lay that on me Ile not beare:
And Love, predominant o're all other passions,
Shall beare me out in't.

Sam. Oh you have made me happy.

The Sparagus Garden.

Fris. As I live my Master —
Kisse and away; whip quickly through the Garden —
Run you up to your Chamber; ile see you out my selfe.

Sam. Thus let us breath that till we meete againe.

Fris. Whoop; what d'ee meane?

Sam. We leave for truce at rayling of the siege,
Our interchanged hearts each others pledge.

Fris. Goe fooles, this sets you both but more on edge.

An. Farewell,

Sam. Farewell.

Ex.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Bristle ware, Rebecca.

Brit. Sweet wife content thy selfe.

Reb. Yes content my selfe I shall I so? with what, you
John Bopeepe? you must be my husband, and I must content my
selfe, must I? no sir, 'tis you that must content me, or 'tis your
heart must smart for't.

Brit. If you could be content with all that I have, or all that I
can doe, and expect no further, I then might hope to pacifie you.

Reb. All has not done it yet you see, nor have you yet found
out the way. Five yeares practice one would thinke were suffi-
cient, so long you have had me; and too long it is unlesse I had
got a better name by't, to be accounted barren — oh me.

Brit. Now 'tis out; zonnies what would you have me doe? where's
the defect think you? is it not probable that you may be defective
as well as I?

Reb. That I may bee defective! I desie thee, Lubber; I desie
thee and all that say so, thou fribling fumbler thou; I would some
honest sufficient man might be Judge betwixt us whether I bee
defective.

Al.

The Sparagus Garden.

All 2. Scene 2. Mony-lacke, Rebecca, Brittle-ware.

Mon. How now, alwaies wrangling?

Reb. Defective quoth a ———

Mon. What's the matter Land-lord?

Reb. Doe I looke like a thing defective?

Mon. Land-Lady—

Reb. Oh fearefull!

Mon. Mrs. *Brittle-ware* what's the matter?

Reb. You shall be Judge Sir *Hugh*, whether I bee defective; you have lyen here Sir *Hugh* these three yeares, have beene our constant lodger off and on as wee say; and can you thinke mee defective?

Brit. You will not be impudent?

Mon. Good Mr. *Brittle-ware* what's the matter?

Brit. The matter is sir she will be content with nothing.

Mon. The best wife i'the world! and if you cannot afford her that to content her, you are a most hard-harted husband.

Reb. What nothing? would you wish him to afford mee nothing to content me? I must have something to content me; and something he must find me, or I will make him looke out for't.

Mon. Come, come, I know the quarrell; and I know you will never get a child by falling out.

Reb. Nor any way else so long as hee is such a jealous beast as hee is.

Mon. Oh you must leave your jealousie Mr. *Brittleware*; that's a maine hindrance

Brit. I am not jealous I.

Reb. Not, and stare like a mad Oxe upon every man that lookes upon me?

Mon. Fye upon him, is he such a beast, to be jealous of his owne wife? if every man were so, it would spoyle the getting of some children in a yeare.

Reb. And denies me all things that I have a mind to.

Brit. The best is, the losse of your longings will not hurt you; unlesse you were with child.

Reb. I must have my longings first; I am not every woman I.

The Sparagus Garden.

I must have my longings before I can be with child I.

Brit. You must not long for every strange thing you see or heare of then.

Reb. As true as I live he scribbles with mee sir *Hugh*; I doe but now long for two or three idle things scarce worth the speaking of; and doe you thinke he will grant me one of 'em?

Mon. What may they be? he shall grant 'em.

Reb. One of my longings is to have a couple of lusty able bodied men, to take me up, one before and another behind, as the new fashion is, and carry mee in a Man-litter into the great bed at Ware.

Mon. There's one, and will you deny her this to hinder a child getting?

Reb. Then I doe long to see the new ship, and to be on the top of *Pauls Steeple* when it is new built, but that must not bee yet; nor am I so unreasonable but I can stay the time: in the meane time I long to see a play, and above all playes, The Knight of the burning—— what dee' call't.

Mon. The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Reb. Pestle is it? I thought of another thing, but I would faine see it. They say there's a Grocers boy kills a Gyant in it, and another little boy that does a Citizens wife thy daintielist —— but I would faine see their best Actor doe me; I would so put him too't, they should find another thing in handling of mee I warrant 'em.

Brit. Heyday! so last frost she long'd to ride on one of the Dromedaries over the Thames, when great men were pleas'd to goe over it a foote.

Mon. Well, shall I make a convenient motion for you both?

Reb. Quickly sweet sir *Hugh*, I long for that before you name it.

Mon. Have you this Spring eaten any *Asparagus* yet?

Reb. Why is that good for a woman that longs to bee with Child?

Mon. Of all the Plants, hearbes, rootes, or fruits that grow, it is the most provocative, operative and effective.

Reb. Indeed Sir *Hugh*?

Mon. All your best (especially your moderne) Herballists conclude, that your *Asparagus* is the onely sweet stirrer that the earth

The Sparagus Garden.

earth sends forth, beyond your wild Carrets, Corne-flag, or Gladiall. Your roots of Standergrasse, or of Satyrion boyld in Goates milke are held good; your Clary or Horminum in divers wayes good, and Dill (especially boyld in Oyle) is also good : but none of these, nor Saffron boyld in wine, your Nuts of Artichoakes, Rocket, or seeds of Ash-tree (which wee call the Kite keyes) nor thousand such, though all are good, may stand up for perfection with *Asparagus*.

Reb. Doe you say to sir Hugh?

Mon. I have it from the opinion of most learned Doctors, rare Physitians, and one that dares call himselfe so.

Brit. What Doctor is he, a foole on horse-backe?

Mon. Doctor *Thon-Lord*, you know him well enough.

Reb. Yes, we know Doctor *Thon-Lord*, though he knowes none but Lords and Ladies, or their companions. And a fine conceited Doctor he is, and as humorous I warrant yee; and will Thou and Thee the best Lords that dares be acquainted with him: calls Knights, Iacke, Will, and Tom familiarly; and great Ladies, Gills, and Sluts too, and they crosse him. And for his opinion sake, and your good report sir *Hugh*, I will have *Sparagus* every meale all the yeare long, or ile make all fly for't; and doe you looke to't Fribble, for it will bee for your comodity as well as mine.

Brit. And sure it is a rare commodity when a Knight is become a Broker for to cry it up so.

Reb. And let me have some presently for my next meale, or you cannot imagine how sicke I will be.

Mon. But mistake not me, nor the commodity we speake of Mrs. *Bristle-ware*; where would you have it? here in our owne house? fye! the vertue of it is mortified, if it passe the threshold from the ground it growes on. No, you must thither, to the Garden of delight, where you may have it drest and eaten in the due kind; and there it is so provocative, and so quicke in the hot operation, that none dare eate it, but those that carry their coolers with 'em, presently to delay, or take off the delightfull fury it fills 'em with.

Reb. Is there conveniency for that too?

Mon. Yes, yes; the house affords you as convenient Couches to retyre to, as the garden has beds for the precious plants to

The Sparagus Garden.

grow in : that makes the place a pallace of pleasure, and daily resorted and fill'd with Lords and Knights, and their Ladies ; Gentlemen and gallants with their Mistresses —

Rob. But doe not honest men goe thither with their wives too?

Mon. None other; some to their owne costs, and some at other mens.

Rob. Why doe we not goe then? or what stay we for, can you tell fumbler?

Mon. Nay Mrs. *Brittle-ware*, not so suddenly; towards the evening will be the fittest season of the day : meane while goe in and sit your selfe for the walke, your husband and I are first for an other busines.

Rob. Noble Knight I thanke you, I hope my next longing shall be to bespeake you for a God-father.

Mon. You shall not long long for that.

Rob. I take your noble word. *Exit.*

Brit. She's gone, and now sir *Hugh* let me tell you, you have not dealt well with me, to put this sagary into her foolish fancy.

Mon. Wilt thou be an Ass now? doe not I know how to fetch it out on her againe think'st thou? she shall not goe, and yet be contented too.

Brit. I you tell me so

Mon. Why thou wilt not be jealous of me now, that has laine in thy house these three yeares, wilt thou? nor thinke me so foolish to provoke thee with an injury; thou know'st mee and my wayes so well.

Brit. I know something by your worship worth the price of a new Pillory.

Mon. Why so then; and wil I wrong thee *Jack* think'st thou, ha? no nor mistrust thee neither: for though thou art a jealous coxcomb over thy wife, and she a touchy thing under thee, yet thou and I *Jacke* have bin alwaies confident of each other, and have wrought friendly and closely together, as ever *Subtle* and his Lungs did; and shar'd the profit betwixt us, han't we *Jacke*: ha?

Brit. I thinke we have; and that you have some new device, some stratagem in hand now. Uds me, I now remember, is the party come to towne?

Mon. Yes; and my Springe has seiz'd him upon the way: and
here

The Sparagus Garden.

here I expect him instantly.

Brit. And will he be made a gentleman?

Mon. That's his ambition *lacke*; and though you now keepe a China-shop, and deale in brittle commodities (pots, glasses, Purlane Dishes, and more trinkets then an Antiquaries study is furnished withal) you must not forget your old trade of Barber Surgeon, 'tis that must stee us now in our new project.

Brit. I warrant you, is he a trim youth?

Mon. We must make him one *lacke*, 'tis such a squab as thou never sawest; such a lumpe, we may make what we will of him.

Brit. Then sure we will make mony of him.

Mon. Well said *lacke*, *Springe* has writ mee here his full description.

All 2. Scene 3.

Mony-lacke, Springe, Hoydon, Coulter, Brittle-ware.

Mon. **S**lid hee's come already: now Mr. *Springe*?

Spr. I come to present a gentleman to you sir.

Mon. How a gentleman? will you abuse me?

Spr. He findes your defect already; but be bold sir, he desires to be a Gentleman sir; and (tho' he be but course mettall, yet) he has that about him which with your helpe may quickly make him a cleare Gentleman.

Hoy. I have foure hundred pounds sir; and I brought it up to towne on purpose to make my selfe a cleare gentleman of it.

Mon. It was well brought up; it appeares also that you have had some breeding; though but a Yeomans sonne.

Hoy. 'Tis true, I have a little learning sir, and a little wit, though last night I met with some upon the way at *Hammer-Smith* that had more: yet I had enough to perceiue I was cheated of a matter of seaven pound (almost all the odde mony I had about me) at my Card afore thy Card; a pox take the whole packe on 'em. Sdiggers if ever man that had but a mind to be a Gentleman was so noddie poopt! oh how I could chafe to thinke on't.

Spr. Oh but you must not, it becomes not the temper of a Gentleman.

Hoy. So you told me; then I thanke you friend.

Spr. Your small acquaintance sir.

The Sparagus Garden.

Hoy. I have had more acquaintance where I have found lesse love, and I thanke you agen good small acquaintance : you told me indeed it became not a gentleman to crie for losing his mony; and I told you then, that I should, or would be a gentleman : Whereupon Small acquaintance (because I was resolv'd to play no more) you advis'd me to give over ; and you told me you would upon our coming to the City, here bring mee to a Knight, that was a Gentleman-maker, whom I conceive this to be, and here am I, and here's my foure hundred pound, which my man has here drawne up to Towne, and here I meane to quarter it.

Coul. But I will see what penniworths you bargain for first, by your Masterships leave.

Mon. Drawne and quarter'd ! you have a wit Sir, I find that already.

Hoy. Yes sir, I have a downe right Country wit, and was counted a pretty sparke at home. Did you never heare of little *Tin* of *Tanton* ? But I now meane to have a finicall City wit, and a superfinicall Court wit too, before I see mine Uncle.

Mon. You may sir.

Hoy. And be able to jest and jeere among men of judgment : I have a many small jests, petty Johns, as I call 'hem : But I will have a clubbing wit, and a drinking wit ; and be able to hold play with the great Poets I : and with dry jests to maule the mallipart'st lesser ones (that hold themselves better than the biggest) out o'the pit of wit I, before I see mine uncle.

Mon. You may have all sir, if you quarter your foure hundred pound discretely : but who is your uncle I pray ?

Hoy. For that you shall pardon me, till I am a Gentleman : But I assure you he is a great gentleman in the City here ; and I neither must nor dare see him, till I am one at least : and I will tell you presently how I meane to quarter my money.

Coul. They'll quarter that and you too, if I see not the better to the matter.

Mon. Dost thou know the uncle he speaks of ?

Spr. No, nor cannot learne who it is for my life.

Bri. Some great man sure that's asham'd of his kindred : perhaps some Suburbe Justice, that sits o'the skirts o'the City, and lives by't.

Mon.

The Sparagus Garden.

Mon. Well said Jack,

Hoy. Look you sir, thus had I cast it : Small acquaintance pray doe you note it too : I love your advice, that at first sight of mee (which was but last night) could relieve me from Cheaters.

Brit. From some of his owne companions to cheate, you more himselfe.

Hoy. The first hundred pound to be for the making of mee a gentleman : the second hundred shall be for apparell.

Spr. He spea'is halfe like a gentleman already.

Brit. Right, there's halfe dispos'd of.

Hoy. The third hundred Ile spend in pleasure : harke Small acquaintance, we'll have wenches. *Whisper.*

Spr. What wants he of a gentleman, and goe no further, but save the last hundred.

Hoy. Oh Small acquaintance, that must walke too : but all for profit to support my gentility hereafter.

Spr. As how ?

Hoy. I will be cheated of it.

Mon. How ?

Hoy. Not in grosse, but by retaile, to trye mens severall wits, and so learne to shift for my selfe in time and need be.

Brit. Doe you heare this ?

Conl. Theres a plot now !

Mon. I protest I admire him : J never found like Craft in a Yeomans sonne before.

Hoy. No words on't J beseech you sir ; nor name that foolish word Yeomans sonne any more : J came to change my Coppy, and write Gentleman : and to goe the nighest way to worke, my Small acquaintance here tells me, to goe by the Herald's is the farthest way about.

Mon. Well sir, we will take the speediest course for you that may be possible.

Brit. The season of the yeare serves most aptly too, Both for purging and bleeding : Give your name into this booke sir.

Hoy. Timothy Hoyden, sir.

Brit. Timothy Hoyden. *Write.*

Hoy. But must J bleed sir ?

Mon. Yes, you must bleed : your fathers blood must out.

The Sparagus Garden.

He was but a yeoman, was he?

Hoy. As ranke a Clowne, none disprais'd, as any in *Sommerfetshire*.

Mon. His foule ranke blood of Bacon and Pease-porridge must out of you to the last dram.

Hoy. You will leave me none in my body then, I shall bleed to death, and you go that way to worke.

Spr. Feare nothing sir: your blood shall be taken out by degrees, and your veines replenish'd with pure blood still, as you loose the puddle.

Hoy. How must that be done?

Conl. I that ich I would heare.

Mon. I commend you that you seeke reason: it must bee done by meats and drinckes of costly price; Muscadell caudels, jellies, and cock-broaths. You shall eate nothing but Shrimpe porridge for a fortnight; and now and then a Pheasants egge soopt with a Peacocks feather. I that must be the dyet.

Hoy. Delicate!

Conl. This stands to reason indeed.

Mon. Then at your going abroad, the first ayre you take shall be of the Asparagus Garden, and you shall feed plentifully of that.

Hoy. Of the ayre do you meane?

Mon. No of th' Asparagus. And that with a Concoction of Goates milke, shall set you an end, and your blood as high as any Gentlemans lineally descended from the loyns of King *Cadwalader*.

Hoy. Excellent, I like all excellently well, but this bleeding. I could never endure the sight of blood.

Mon. That shewes the malignant baseness of your fathers blood within you.

Hoy. I was bewitch'd I thinke before I was begot, to have a Clowne to my father: yet sir my mother said shee was a Gentlewoman.

Spr. Said? What will not Women say?

Hoy. Nay, small acquaintance, she profest it upon her Death-bed to the Curate and divers others, that she was sister to a Gentleman here in this City; and commanded mee in her Will, and upon her blessing, first to make my selfe a Gentleman of good fashion,

The Sparagus Garden.

shion, and then to goe to the gentleman my uncle.

Spr. What gentleman is that ?

Hoy. I must not, nor I wo't tell you that, till I am a gentleman my selfe : would you ha' me wrong the will o' the dead ? Small acquaintance, I will rather dye a Clowne as I am first.

Mon. Be content sir ; here's halfe a labour sav'd ; you shall bleed but o' one side : the Fathers side onely.

Hoy. Say you so ?

Mon. The Mother vaine shall not be prick't.

Hoy. I thanke you sir :

I wou'd 'twere done once.

Mon. But when this is done, and your new blood infused into you, you shall most easily learne the manners and behaviour.

Spr. The Look, the garbe, the congee—

Bris. And all the Complements of an absolute gentleman.

Hoy. O brave !

Mon. For which you shall have best instructions ; You'le runne a chargeable course in't, that Ile tell you : And may yet if you please retaine your money ; Crosse your mothers will and dye a Clowne.

Hoy. By no meanes sir.

Conlt. I begin to beleeeve honestly of the Knight.

Mon. Doe you note this skin of his here ?

Bris. Skin, 'tis a hide sir.

Hoy. 'Tis somewhat thicke and foule indeed sir.

Mon. He must have a bath, and that will be more charge.

Spr. 'Tis pitty he should be flead.

Hoy. I thanke you small acquaintance ; pray let me have a bath, what ere it cost me, rather than flea me.

Mon. Well sir, this house shall be your lodging, and this the Mr. of it, an excellent Chyrurgeon, and expert in these affaires, shall be your attendant.

Hoy. My man may attend me too, may he not ?

Spr. Yes, by all meanes, and see the laying out of your money.

Conlt. I like that best : sure they are honest men.

Mon. Is that your man ? what does he weare a Coulter by his side ?

Conlt. No sir, my name is *Conltier* ; I my selfe am a Coulter,
and

The Sparagus Garden.

and this is but my Hanger on, as I am my Masters.

Mon. Thou maist make a Country gentleman in time, I see that by thy wit.

Coul. All my friends will be glad on't.

Mon. Come gentlemen, Ile lead you the way.

Ex.

Act 2. Scene 4.

Toucbwood, Walter, Gilbert, Samuel.

Toucb. **B**Ut how can you assure me gentlemen that this is true?

Gil. We saw't not acted sir, nor had reported it,
But on those termes of honour you have sworne to ;
In which you are engaged first to forgive
Your sonne : then never to reveale to friend,
Or foe, the knowledge of the fact.

Wat. You cannot now but receive
Your sonne into your favour, that did urge him
To doe some outrage, some villanous shame or mischief
Vpon that Family as he would shunne your curse.

Toucb. This is a mischief with a witnesse to it :
He has done it home it seems.

Gil. Sir, can a sonne
Doe his fathers will too fully?

Toucb. You may be pleas'd to call him.
I would now put on anger, but I feare
My inward joy's too great, to be dissembled :
Now for a rigid brow that might enable
A man to stand competitor for the seate
Of austere justice — Are you come to boast
The bravery of your fact, with a dissembled
Shew of obedience ; as if you had merited
Forgivensse and a blessing ; when my shame
For thy lewd action makes me turne and hide
My face — for feare my laughter be descry'd.

Exit Wat.

Enter Sam, Wat.

aside and laugh.

Gil. Pray turne not from him sir.

Toucb. I have heard sir of your workmanship ; but may
A man receive it on your word for truth ?

Sam. It is too true, unlesse you please in mercy

To

The Sparagus Garden.

To pardon, and preserve me from the rigour
Of Justice, and the sharper censure
That I shall suffer in all good opinion.

Touch. I meane you shall out o'the noyse on't presently :
So—there's a hundred peeces, get you gone ;
Provide you for a journey into France,
Beare your selfe well, and looke you come not home
A verier Coxecombe than you went abroad :
Pray weare no falling bands and cuffes above
The price of suits and cloaks, least you become
The better halfe undone in a bout at Buffets.

Sam. I hope you shall heare well of me.

Touch. Amen.

Sam. Pray bleesse me sir.

Touch. My blessing be upon thee,
Goe get thee gone, my tenderesse will shew
It selfe too womanish else.

Gil. Goodnesse of nature.

Wat. We'll helpe to set you forward. *Ex.*

Touch. Thank yee gentlemen :
Be but my sonne, thou shalt not want a father,
Though somebody must seeke one : ha ha ha ———
Ide give another hundred Peeces now
With all my heart, that I might be untongue-ty'd,
And triumph o're my adversary now,
And dash this businesse in his angry teeth :
Strike *Strikers* teeth out with his owne abuse :
Perhaps he knows't already, if he does ;
I may take notice, and make bold to jcere him :
This is his usuall walke :

Act 2. Scene 5.

Striker, Touch-wood.

Siri, I was too blame
To give it so much credit at the first,
As to be troubled at it.

Touch. 'Tis the Rascall.

Siri. That he, the sonne of my despight and scorne,

E

Should

The Sparagus Garden.

Should gaine of Fate a lot to see my Neece;
Much lesse a face to aske her for his wife.

Touch. Perhaps he's casting of his will.

Stri. Yet the vexation that I was but told so,
Lyes gnawing in my stomacke, that untill
I vomit it upon that Dung-hill wretch;
I cannot eate nor sleepe to doe me good.
And I thanke Chance he's here.

Touch. He comes, and so have at him.

Stri. Hum, hum, hum, humb.

Touch. And ha, ha, ha to thee old puppy.

Stri. Sirrah, sirrah, how dar'st thou keepe a sonne that dares
but looke upon my Neece? there I am we'ye sir.

Touch. Sirrah, and sirrah to thy wither'd jawes, and down that
wrinkled throat of thine: how dar'st thou thinke a sonne of mine
dares for displeasing me, look but with soule contempt upon thy
loathed issue?

Stri. Impudent villaine, I have heard he has seene her.

Touch. Has he but seene her? ha, ha, ha, I feare I shall out
with it: I would not be forsworne: ile keep't in if I can.

Stri. Yes Malipert Jack, I have heard that he has seene her, but
better hadst thou pitt him 'gainst the wall, then hee presume to
love her: and there I am we'ye sir.

Touch. Hast thou but heard he has seene her: I tell thee thou
old booby thou; if he had seen, felt, heard, and understood her: nay
had he got her with child; and then left her, he were my sonne,
and I would cherish him.

Stri. Darst thou speak so, thou old Reprobate.

Touch. Thou dost not heare me say it is so, though I could wish
it were with all my heart, because I thinke it would breake
thine.

Stri. Hugh, hugh, hugh.

Cough.

Touch. I hope I shall keepe it within the compasse of mine
oath; yet there was a touch for him,

Stri. Oh thou hel-bred Rascall thou; hugh, hugh, *Cough and spit.*

Touch. So, so, up with it, Lungs, Lights, Liver, and all: choake
up in a churles name.

Stri. Hugh, hugh.

Touch

The Sparagus Garden.

Tou ch. I have put him into these fits forty times at least, and not without hope: it will thrattle him at last — if you do break a gut, or a rib or two, with straining, a rope will be your onely remedy: and so I leave you: by the way you have not heard mee say that I know any thing by your Neece: But what I know I le keep to my selfe.

Stri. And hang thy selfe, I care not what thou know'st, yet thus farre take me we' yee sir.

Tou ch. Not a step, unlesse I were sure I were going to the de-vill, huh, huh: no sir, you shall not trip me: you shall not fetch it out of me: tush, my sonne's my sonne, and keep your neece to your selfe, huh, and if she has any thing of his you may keep that too huh; and so choake up againe with all my heart, and much good doe it you.

Exit.

Stri. Huh, huh — horn I so he's gon, the villain's gone in hope that he has kild me, when my comfort is he has recover'd mee: I was heart-sicke with a conceit which lay so mingled with my Fleagme that I had perished, if I had not broke it, and made me spit it out; hemh, 'tis gone, and ile home merrily.

I would not that he should know the good he has done me For halfe my estate; nor would I be at peace with him

To save it all: His malice works upon me,

Past all the drugs and all the Doctors Counsells,

That ere I cop'd with: he has beene my vexation

These thirty yeares; nor have I had another

Ere since my wife dy'd; if the Rascall knew't,

He would be friends, and I were instantly

But a dead man, I could not get another

To anger me so handsomly.

All 2. Scene 6.

Friswood, Striker.

Fris. **Y**OU are welcome home sir.

Stri. And merrily too *Fid.* Hemh light at heart,

I met with my Physitian, Dog-leech, *Touchwood*;

And clear'd my stomacke, and now I am light at heart.

And thou shalt heare on't *Fid* anon perhaps.

Fris. You are the better able then to heare

The Sparagus Garden.

And beare what I must tell you;

Siri. Where's my Neece?

How does she, ha?

Fris. As well as a young woman

In her case may doe sir.

Siri. Ha! how's that?

Fris. Twill out, and I as fit to tell't you as another.

Siri. Out with it then.

Fris. Tis true, I fac'd you downe there was no league

Betweene young *Touch-wood*, and your Neece, in hope

To turne her heart from him before the knowledge

Of any thing that past should be a griefe to you :

But since I have discover'd tis too late,

And she can be fit bride for no man else.

Siri. He has not laine with her, has he?

Fris. Yo u speake as just as *Cowmans* lips.

Siri. I hope he has not lipt her so :

Prethee what canst thou meane?

Fris. Sir, if you thinke

The knowledge of a truth of this sad nature

May prejudice your health; by drawing a Cholericke fit into you,

you were best to send for your Physitian, your dog-leech *Touch-*

wood, as you cal'd him, to breake your bed of Fleagme, by laughing

at you.

Siri. What dost thou meane now, I have asked thee twice.

Fris. I say young *Touch-wood* has touch'd, and clap'd your neece;

And (which is worse) with scorne and foule disdaine

Has left and quite forsaken; and is gone :

(They say) sent by his father to travaile.

Siri. Twas this the villaine hammer'd on to day,

When he spoke mystically, doubtfuLL words,

Reflecting on this mischievous sence : Hell, hell, hell.

Fris. Twere good you would forsake the thought of hell sir,

And thinke upon soine timely course to save

Her credit, and the honour of your house by marriage.

Siri. You counsell very well;

But were you privy in their loves affaire?

Fris. Indeed I knew too much on't : think of a course good sir.

Siri.

The Sparagus Garden.

Stri. I know no course for her and you but one,
Young whore and bawd, and that is instantly
To pack you out of doores to seek your living,
And there I will be we' yee.

Fris. Sir that you must not.

Stri. Sprecious dost thou must me in mine owne house?

Fris. In your owne house sir, kill us if you please,
And take the sinne upon you; but out of it
You must not dare to thrust us with your shame:
Which I will so divulge, as you shall finde
Your house to be no sanctuary for your selfe;
And there ile be with you.

Stri. This is lusty.

Fris. Consider wisely that I know you sir,
And can make foule relation of some passages
That you will shame to heare.

Stri. Hold your peace.

Fris. Remember sir, neare thirty yeares agoe,
You had a sister, whose great marriage portion
Was in your hands: good gentlewoman, the
Unfortunately loving a false Squire,
Just as your Neece hath now, did get a clap:
You know sir what I meane.

Stri. You'll hold your peace?

Fris. Ile speake it though I dye for't; better here
Than in a worse place: So clapt I say she was,
I know not yet by whom you doe, and beare
An inward grudge against some body to this houre for't.
But to my story, good gentlewoman she
Was by your most unbrotherly cruell usage
Thrust out a doores, as now you threaten us:
And miserably big-bellied as she was
Leaving her most unjustly detain'd her portion
In your false hands, forooke you and the towne,
To flie the aire, where her disgrace was spread:
Some jewells and some gold she had conceal'd:
But to what part o'th' world shee took we know not,
Nor did you ever care, but wisht her out on't,

The Sparagus Garden.

By any desperate end, after her flight
From portion, blood and name; and so perhaps
Immediately she was: for which, this judgement
Is justly false upon you.

Siri. Yet hold thy peace.

Fris. Neither by threats, nor bribes, nor all persuasion,
Untill you take your Neece into your care:
What will the world say when it heares this story
Of your owne naturall sister, and your cruelty,
When you shall second it with your Neeces shame?

Siri. I never was so mated, so astonished.

Fris. Nay, more than this, old *Striker*, ile impeach
You for foule incontinence; and shaking your
Old Bullion Tronkes over my Trucklebed.

Siri. Thou art not desperate! wilt thou shame thy selfe?

Fris. I value neither shame, nor name, nor fame;
And wealth I have none to lose; you have enough
To pay for all I take it.

Siri. Oh I am sicke.

Fris. Be of good cheere, ile send for your Physitian.

Siri. Sicke, sicke at heart; let me be had to bed.

Exit.

Fris. I hope I have laid the heat of his severity,
So sometimes great offences passe for none,
When severe Iudges dare not heare their owne.

Ex.

A& 3. Scene 1.

Enter Gardner, and Martha his wife.

Gar. **P**Ray lets agree upon't good wife, you are my wife I
take it, and I should have the command, yet I entreate,
and

The Sparagus Garden.

and am content you see.

Mat. And so would any man / thinke that has such a help and commings in by his wife as you have : tis not your durty Sparagus, your Artichoaks, your Carpes, your Tulips, your Strawberries, can bring you in five hundred pound a yeare, if my helping hand, and braine too were not in the businesse?

Gar. Let us agree upon't : and two or three yeares toyle more, while our trade is in request and fashion, will make us purchasers. I had once a hope to have bought this Mannor of Marshland for the resemblance it has to the Low Country soyle you came from, to ha' made you a Banke-side Lady. Wee may in time be somewhat. But what did you take yesterday *Mat* in all, what had you, ha?

Mat. Poore pidling daings; some foure and twenty pound.

Gar. What did the rich old Merchant spend upon the poore young gentlemans wife in the yellow bed-chamber?

Mat. But eight and twenty shillings, and kept the roome almost two houres, / had no more of him.

Gar. And what the Knight with the broken Citizens wife (that goes so Lady like) in the blew bed-chamber.

Mat. Almost foure pound.

Gar. That was pretty well for two.

Mat. But her husband, and a couple of serving-men had a dish of *Sparagus*, and three bottles of wine, besides the broken meate into one o'the Arbors.

Gar. Every thing would live *Mat* : but here will be great Courtiers and Ladyes to day you say.

Mat. Yes they sent last night to bespeake a ten pound dinner, but / halfe feare their comming will keep out some of our more constant, and more profitable customers.

Gar. Twill make them the more eager to come another time then *Mat.* Ha' they paid their reckoning in the Parlour?

Mat. Yes, but hutchingly, and are now going away.

Al 3. *Scene* 2.

Gentleman and Gentlewoman to them.

Gar. O here they are going.

Gent.

The Sparagus Garden.

Gent. I protest Mr. Gardner your wife is too deare: Sixteene shillings for a dish of Sparagus, two bottles of wine, and a little Sugar, I wonder how you can reckon it.

Mat. That was your reckoning in all sir; wee make no account of particulars, but all to Mall, as they doe in the Netherlands.

Gent. Your Dutch account Mrs. is too high for us to trouble you any more.

Mat. That's as you please sir, a faire day after you: *Ex. Gen.* Who would be troubled with such pinching guests?

Gar. I, tis good to misreckon such to be rid of 'hem.

Mat. They are ee'n as welcome as the Knight that comes hither alone alwayes, and walkes about the garden here halfe a day together, to feed upon Ladies lookes, as they passe to and fro; the peeping Knight, what doe you call him?

Gar. O Sir *Arnold Cautious*.

Mat. You may call him Cautious, I never saw five shillings of his money yet.

Gar. No, he comes but to feed his eye, as you say, with leering at good faces, and peeping at pretty insteps.

Mat. Sir *Hugh-Money-lacke*, our gather-guest as we call him, sends us no such dull customers: O that good Gentleman I never did any *Saverne*, *Inne*, or new Ordinary give tribute to a more deserving gentleman — oh here come gallants.

Act 3. Scene 3.

Enter Gilbert, Wat, and Sam (disguis'd) to them.

Three, and ne're a woman! strange! these are not the Courtiers wee look for.

Gil. This is his daily haunt: I warrant thee we find him.

Wat. And it shall take, ne're feare it *Sam*.

Gil. By your leave Mr. and Mrs. or rather Lord and Lady of the new plantation here.

Wat. Nay Prince and Princess of the Province of Asparagus.

Sam. The Island of two Acres here, more profitable than twice two thousand in the Fens, till the drainers have done there.

Mat.

The Sparagus Garden.

Mat. You are pleasant gentlemen : what is your pleasure ?

Gil. Saw you Sir *Arnold Cautious* here to day ?

Mat. Not yet sir.

Gil. Ha' you a roome i' your house for us ?

Mat. Have you any more company to come to you ?

Wat. Yes, we expect some gentlemen.

Mat. Gentlemen did you say ?

Gil. Yes indeed gentlemen, no gentlewomen I assure you.

Mat. Intruth sir all the roomes within are gone.

Gil. What they are not gone abroad, are they ?

Mat. You are alwayes pleasant sir : I meane they are all taken up.

Gil. There are some taken up in 'hem, is't not so ?

Mat. Still you are pleasant sir : they are indeed bespoken for great Courtiers, and Ladyes that are to dine here.

Gar. If you will bestow your selves in the garden, and make choise of your Arbour : you shall have the best cheer the house can afford yee, and you are welcome.

Gil. Be it so then ; lets walke about gentlemen.

Pray send us some wine,

Wat. And a dish of your Sparagus.

Mat. You shall have it gentlemen.

Exit.

Gil. Did you note the wit o' the woman ?

Wat. I, because we had no wenches we must have no chamber-roome, for feare she disappoynt some that may bring 'hem.

Sam. Shee spake of great Courtiers and Ladyes that are to come.

Wat. Some good stuffe perhaps.

Gil. Why I assure you, right noble, and right vertuous persons, and of both sexes doe frequent the place.

Sam. And I assure you, as ignoble and vicious doe pester it too much ; and these that respect profit meerely have not the wit, and lesse the vertue to distinguish betwixt the best and the worst, but by their purses.

Wat. 'Tis enough for them to weed their garden, not their guests : O here comes our collation.

The Sparagus Garden.

All 3. Scene 4.

*Enter two boyes, they cover a Table, two bottles of wine,
Dishes of Sugar, and a dish of Sparagus.*

Gil. And what's the price of this *stall* boy?

Boy. Plaist ill Monsieur.

Gil. What art thou a French-man?

Boy. No, I took you for one fir, to bargain for your meate before you ate it, that is not the generous English fashion, you shall know anon fir.

Gil. Goe get you gone with your wit, and tell your prodigall fooles so.

Wat. Goe, we'll call when we want attendance. *Ex. Boy.*

Gil. Sam you are too fast; let not your disguise alter you with us: Come here's a health to the Man in Kelders, and the mother of the boy, if it prove so.

Sam. Ile pledge it.

Wat. We want Sir *Hugh Many-lacks* here to discourse the vertues of this precious plant *Asparagus*, and what wonders it hath wrought in *Burgundy, Almaine, Italy, and Languedoc* before the herborists had found the skill to plant it here.

Sam. What's he to whom wee seeke?

Wat. Who mine Vncle, Sir *Arnold Cautious*; he'll come, ne're doubt him; he seldom misses a day to pry and pierce upon the beauties that come to walke here.

Gil. Tis such a Knightling, Ile but give yee his Character, and and he comes I warrant thee: he is an infinite admirer of beauty, and dares not touch a woman: he is aged about fifty, and a batchelour: he defies wedlocke, because he thinkes there is not a maiden-head in any marriagable beauty to be found among Women.

Sam. Yet you say he is an admirer and hunter after the sight of beauty.

Gil. He gets a crick in his neck oft-times with squinting up at windowes and Belconies; and as he walkes the streets, he peepes on both sides at faire breasts and faces, as he were seeking Birds-nests; and folloves pretty feet and insteps like a hare tracker.

Wat.

The Sparagus Garden.

Wat. This is still mine Vncle.

Gil. And when he sees a Coach of Ladies about to alight, hee makes a stand, in hope to see a delicate legge slip through a lac'd smocke, which if he chance to discover he drivells.

Sam. Well, how your plot may hold to my purpose I cannot see: he is the unlikeliest man to have a wench put upon that you can mention.

Gil. I grant the attempt is hard, but the higher will be the achievement: trust my experience *Sam*: for as in every instrument are all tunes to him that has the skill to find out the stops, so in every man there are all humours to him that can find their faulsets, and draw 'hem out to his purpose.

Wat. Feare not the plot, as we have cast it, nor the performance in the Comedy, though against mine owne Naturall Vncle.

Gil. Thy unnaturall Vuncle thou would'st say, hee ne're did thee good in's life: Act but thine owne part, and be not out *Sam*, and feare nothing.

Wat. He's somewhat too yong to act a rorer: but what lads have we scene passe for souldiers?

All 3. Scene 5.

Enter three Courtiers and Ladies; Cautious aloofe.

Sam. O here come the great guests.

Gil. And these are noble ones indeed; these are Courtiers Clinquant, and no counterfeit stuffe upon 'hem: I know 'hem all, every Lady with her owne husband too: what a vertuous honest age is this: and see if thine Vncle bee not at his old game, bopeape i'the taile of 'hem. Hee shall follow 'hem no further: Sir *Arnold Cautious*, 'Noble Knight' you are well encounter'd.

Ex. Court.

Caut. Good Master *Goldwyer*, doe you know these Ladies: or be they Ladyes, ha?

Gil. Yes, and noble ones, the three Graces of the Court, the Lady Stately, the Lady Handsome, and the Lady peerelesse, doe not you know 'hem?

Caut. No not I.

The Sparagus Garden.

Gil. How the slave twitters; you look not up at greatnes; you mind too much the worldly things that are beneath you: if you had such a Lady under you, (of your owne I meane) you would mind her.

Cant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Gil. Looke no more after 'hem, they are gone: besides they are vertuous, and too too great for you: when will you get a convenient wife of your owne, to work out the dry itch of a stale Batchelour?

Cant. Goe, goe, you are a wag, I itch not that way.

Gil. Will you goe this way with me then and heare what I will say to you?

Cant. With all my heart, I am free from businesse.

Gil. You have a Nephew, whose sifter I married, a vertuous wife she is, and I love him the better for't; he is a younger brother, and borne to no great fortune: now you are very rich, a Batchelour, and therefore I thinke child lesse —

Cant. Introth Mr. Gold-wyer you must pardon mee, I may not stay with you: I had almost forgot a most important businesse.

Sam. Ee'n now he had none.

Gil. Nay good Sir *Arnold Cautious*, you know not what Ile say.

Cant. I say he is an unthrift, a Squanderer, and must not expect supplies from me.

Gil. He does not, shall not, not to the value of a token: pray stay, and heare me sir; tis no ill ayre to stay in.

Cant. I withall my heart good Mr. Gold-wyer; I like the aire well, and your motion hitherto.

Gil. Will you be pleas'd to doe your kinsman the favour to further him in a match; I mean an honest lawfull marriage match — but with your countenance, and a good word at most.

Cant. The most unthankfull office in the world: pray use some other friend in't: indeed I stay too long.

Gil. Heare but who it is that he loves, how likely he is to obtaine, what abundant profit the match may bring him, and the desperate undoing danger he falls into if he be not matched, and then doe your pleasure.

Cant. Why what new danger is he towards, more than the old

The Sparagus Garden.

ill company he was wont to keep?

Gil. Oh sir, he is now in league with a companion more dreadful than 'hem all, a fellow that is in part a Poet, and in part a Souldier.

Caat. Bounce, bounce.

Gil. You have hit upon his name: his name is Bounce, do you know him sir?

Caat. Not I, nor desire acquaintance with either of his qualities.

Gil. He is a gentleman sir, that has been upon some unfortunate late services, that have not answer'd his merit.

Caat. And now he is come home to right himselfe, by writing his owne meritorious acts, is he?

Gil. Good int'reth, I wish you would see 'hem, to come over 'hem with a jeere or two; I know you are good at it: They are in an Arbour here close by, drinking to their Muses, and glorifying one another for eithers excellency in the art most Poetically.

Caat. Glorifie doe you say? I have heard Poets the most envious detractors of one another of all Creatures, next to the very Beggars.

Gil. Abroad perhaps and asunder, but together there's no such amity: You never saw 'hem drinke; pray see 'hem sir, it may take your Nephew off of his Ningle, who hath infected him with Poetry already: and twenty to one, if he faile in the match, which I was about to mention; he will winne him away to the wars too, and then he may be lost for ever.

Caat. Good Mr. Gold-wyer goe you to your company, I am not a man of reckoning amongst such; besides, I seldome drink betwixt meales.

Wat. Athis owne cost he meanes.

Gil. I commend your temper: you shall not bee in the reckoning; but I beseech you let me prevaile with you: See, wee are upon 'hem: save you Gentlemen: I have brought you a noble friend, your uncle: I know he is welcome to you brother *Wat*; and you I am sure will make him so Mr. *Bounce*: when you shall heare he is an admirer of Poetry and warre.

Caat. Even a farre off I assure yee: I never durst approach near

The Sparagus Garden.

the fury of either of the fiery qualities.

Sam. It is your modesty, not feare that keeps you at distance I imagine.

Cant. Poets may imagine any thing : imagination is their wealth, some of 'hem would be but poore else : are you turn'd Poet Nephew ?

Wat. For my private recreation sir.

Cant. What by writing Verses to win some Mistresses to your private recreation : meane you so ?

Sam. You dare not sir blasphemie the vertuous use
Of sacred Poetry, nor the same traduce
Of Poets, who not alone immortall be,
But can give others immortality.

Poets that can men into stars translate,
And hurle men downe under the feete of Fate :
Twas not *Achilles* sword, but *Homers* pen,
That made brave *Hector* dye the best of men :
And if that powerfull *Homer* likewise wou'd,
Hellen had beene a hagge, and *Troy* had stood.

Gil. Well said Poet, thou tumblest out old ends as well as the best of 'hem.

Sam. Poets they are the life and death of things,
Queens give them honour, for the greatest Kings
Have bin their subjects.

Cant. Enough, enough ; you are the first good Poet that e're I saw weare so good a Countenance : leave it, I would not have a gentleman meddle with Poetry for spoyling of his face : you seldom see a Poet look out at a good Visnomy.

Sam. Think you so sir ?

Cant. Yes, and that it is a Poeticall Policy, where the face is naturally good without spot or blemish, to deface it by drinking, or wenching, to get a name by't.

Sam. A death deserving scandall.

Gil. Hold, hold.

Sam. Thy malice, and thy ignorance
Have doom'd thee.

Gil. Gentlemen what meane yee ?

Wat. My blood must not endure it.

*They scuffle, and Wat
throwes Sam, and of-
fers to stab him. Gil.
holds his Dagger.*

Gil.

The Sparagus Garden.

Gil. You have wrong'd us all, and me the most.

Wat. The wrong is chiefly mine; yet you adde to it
By hindring my just vengeance.

Sam. Ile find a time to right you, or my selfe.

Exit.

Wat. My next sight of thee is thy death:

I feare you are hurt fir; are you, pray fir tell me?

Cant. Let me first admire thy goodnesse and thy pittie;
My owne true naturall Nephew.

Gil. Now it workes.

Cant. Inow consider, and will answer thee
In a full measure of true gratitude.

Wat. But good fir are you not hurt? if you bleed, I bleed with
you.

Cant. Oh sincere Nephew, good boy *I* am not hurt,
Nor can *I* thinke of hurt, my thoughts are bent
Upon thy good; you were speaking of a choise fir,
My Nephew would be matcht to, let me know the party.

Gil. Will you fir stand his friend?

Cant. Let me but know the party and her friend,
And instantly about it.

Gil. He is catch'd.

Wat. How am I bound to you!

Cant. Nephew *I* am yet bound to thee; and shall not rest till *I*
am dis-ingag'd by doing this office for thee: what is she, let me
know?

Gil. Sir, as we walk you shall know all: ile pay the reckoning
within as we passe.

Cant. But by the way Nephew, *I* must bind you from Poetry.

Wat. For a Wife you shall fir.

Gil. Poetry, though it be of a quite contrary nature, is as pretty
a jewell as plaine dealing, but they that use it forget the Pro-
verb.

Ex.

Act 3. Scene 6.

Enter Courtiers and Ladies.

(Feast,

Cour. Come Madams, now if you please after your garden
To exercise your numerous feet, and tread
A curious knot upon this grassie square;

You

The Sparagus Garden.

You shall fresh vigour adde unto the spring,
And double the encrease, sweetnesse and beauty
Of every plant and flower throughout the garden.

1 *Lad.* If I thought so my Lord, we would not doe
Such precious worke for nothing; we would be
Much better hufwives, and compound for shares
O'th' gardeners profit.

2 *La.* Or at least hedge in
Our Sparagus dinner reckoning.

2 *Conr.* I commend your worldly providence:
Madam, such good Ladies will never dance
Away their husbands Lands.

1 *Conr.* But Madams will yee dance?

1 *La.* Not to improve the garden good my Lord,
A little for digestion if you please.

1 *Conr.* Musicke, play.

The Dances

1 *Conr.* You have done Nobly Ladies, and much honour'd
This peece of earth here, with your gracefull footing.

1 *La.* By your faire imitation, good my Lords.

1 *Conr.* May the example of our harmlesse mirth
And Civill recreation purge the place
Of all foule purposes.

1 *La.* Tis an honest wish:
But wilhes weed no gardens; hither come
Some wicked ones they say.

1 *Conr.* We seek not to abridge their priviledge;
Nor can their ill hurt us; we are safe.

1 *La.* But let us walke, the time of day calls hence.

1 *Conr.* Agreed.

Exeunt.

AE 3. Scene 7.
Money-lacke, Hoyden, Springe, Bristle-ware, Rebecca, Conlter.

Mon. You are now welcome to th' Asparagus Garden Land-
lady.

Reb. I have beene long a comming for all my longings: but
now I hope I shall have my belly full on't.

Mon. That you shall, feare not.

Reb.

The Sparagus Garden.

Reb. Would I were at it once.

Mon. Well, because she desires to bee private, goe in with your wife Mr. *Brattleware*, take a roome, call for a feast, and satisfie your wife, and bid the Mrs: of the house to provide for us.

Bris. I will sir.

Ex. Bris. Wife.

Mon. And how doe you feele your selfe Mr. *Hoyden* after your bleeding, purging, and bathing, the killing of your grosse humors by your spare dyet, and your new infusion of pure blood, by your queint feeding on delicate meates and drinks? how doe you feele your selfe?

Hoy. Marry I feele that I am hungry, and that my shrimpe dyet and sippings have almost famished me, and my purse too; I dare be sworn, as I am almost a gentleman, that every bit and every spoonfull that I have swallowed these ten dayes, has cost me ten shillings at least.

Spr. Is it possible that you can consider this, and bee almost a gentleman?

Hoy. Small acquaintance I doe not lye to you: truth's truth, as well in a Gentleman, as a begger, for I am both almost, and perhaps not the first that can write so.

Spr. Doe you note how his wit rises?

Hoy. There's one of my hundred pounds gone that way, all but these twelve pieces.

Conl. You see now what a fine hand you have made of your money, since you got it out of my clutches.

Hoy. Then there's my apparell, a hundred pound went all in three suits, of which this is the best.

Spr. But what doe you thinke of your wit hundred pound?

Hoy. Marry I thinke that was the best laid out: for by it I have got wit enough to know that I was as cleerely cosen'd of it as heart can wish: o' my soule and conscience, and as I am almost a gentleman, and a man had come to London for nothing else but to be Cheated, hee could not bee more roundlier rid of his money.

Mon. Well sir, if you repine at your expences now, that you want no hing but your Belly-full of Sparagus to finish my worke of a gentleman in you; I will, if you please, in lieu of that fluffe up your paunch with Bacon and Bagge-pudding and put you

The Sparagus Garden.

backe againe as absolute a Clowne as ever you came from plough.

Const. I would he' re come to that once.

Sprin. Take heed how you crosse him.

Hoy. Nay pray sir bee not angry, (though to the shame of a Gentleman I say it) my teeth doe ee'ne water at the name of the sweet Country dish you spoke of (bacon and bag-pudding) yet I will forbear it : but you say I shall fill my belly with this new Daintrill that you spake of ; these Sparowbills, what doe you call 'hem.

Mon. You shall have your belly full.

Hoy. Top full I beseech you.

Conl. Humh ———

Mon. You shall : but I must tell you, I must ha you turn away this grumbling Clowne that followes you : he is as dangerous about you, as your fathers blood was within you, to crosse and hinder your gentility.

Hoy. True, you said you would help me to a boy no bigger than a Monkey.

Spr. And you shall have him, a pretty little knave, you may put him in your pocket.

Conl. Yes wusse, to pick's money out ifh : had it, shortly 'twill come to that bevore't be long.

Hoy. *Conlter* you must to the plough again; you are too heavy a clog at the heeles of a gentleman.

Conls. I with all my heart, and I con you thanks too.

Hoy. The Clowne, my fathers heire, will be glad of you.

Mon. Have you an elder brother ?

Hoy. You doe not heare me say he is my brother, but the clown my father had a former son, by a former wife, that was no gentlewoman as my mother was, and he is a Clowne all over, and incurable, even get you to him, like to like will agree well : here's a Crowne for you, 'twill carry you a foote to *Tanton* ; and so get you gone like a Clowne as you are.

Conls. 'Tis well you allow me some mon ey yet : we shall have you begge all the way home shortly, when your Cheaters have done we' yee.

Mon. How villaine !

Spr. Why doe you not correct him sir?

Conls.

The Sparagus Garden.

Conle. Nay why do not you, he dares not? though he could spare his Clowne blood, he dares not venture his Gentleman blood so, nor you yours, tis all too fine I doubt; therefore keepe it, & make much on't: I would be loath a jaile should stay my journey, or by my Curfen soule I would see what colour the best on't were before I goe. But if I don't your errand to your brother, and tell'n how you doe vlout'n behinde's back, then say Cut's a Curre: And so a vart vor a vawell to the proudest o' yee; and if you be an anger'd, tak't in your angry teeth. *Exit.*

Spr. Mon. Ha, ha, ha.

Spr. What a rude Rascall 'tis? you are happy that he is gone.

Mon. And so am I, he hindred halfe my worke; seven yeares time is too little to make a gentleman of one that can suffer such a Clowne within seven mile of him.

Hoy. Would hee were beyond Brainford on his way then by this time for me. But you forget the way you were in; you said you would fill my belly; and then fall to practice fine complements and congies to make me a perfect gentleman, and fit to see mine unknowne uncle.

Mon. All shall be done.

Act 3. Scene 8.

Enter Brittleware and Rebecca to them.

Hoy. See if my Surgeon and his wife have not fill'd themselves, and come wiping their lips already.

Mon. So shall you presently: now Landlady, are you pleas'd with your Asparagus?

Reb. With the Asparagus I am; and yet but halfe pleas'd neither, as my husband shall very well know.

Mon. Well, wee will leave you to talke with him about it: come sir let us into the house. *Ex.*

Bris. But halfe pleas'd sweet-heart?

Reb. No indeed *John* Brittleware; the Asparagus has done its part; but you have not done your part *John*; and if you were an honest man *John*, you would make sir *Hughes* words good of the Asparagus, and be kinder to me: you are not kinde to your owne wife *John* in the Asparagus way; you understand me: for ought

The Sparagus Garden.

I see Pompeons are as good meat for such a hoggish thing as thou art.

Brit. Well, when we come at home *Beck*, I know what I know.

Reb. At home, is't come to that? and I know what I know: I know he cannot love his wife enough at home, that won't bee kinde to her abroad: but the best is I know what my next longing shall be.

Brit. More longings yet! now out of the unsearchable depth of womans imagination, what may it be?

Reb. It beginnes to possesse me already, still more and more: now tis an absolute longing, and I shall be sick till I have it.

Brit. May I know it forsooth, tell it that you may have it.

Reb. I dare tell it you, but you must never know that I have it.

Brit. If you dare tell it.

Reb. I dare; nay be as jealous as you will: thus it is, I do long to steale out of mine owne house, unknowne to you as other women doe, and their husbands nere the wiser, hither to this time Sparagus Garden, and meet some friend that will be kind to me.

Brit. How, how!

Reb. In private; unknowne to you, as I told you; 'tis impossible I shall ever have a child else, and you so jealous over me as you are?

Brit. Art thou a woman and speak this?

Reb. Art thou a man, five yeares married to me; and aske mee now if I be a woman?

Brit. Art thou so full of the Devill to flye out in this manner?

Reb. Why his hornes flye not out of me to fright thee, do they?

Brit. Oh for a hell that has not a woman in't?

Act 3. Scene 9.

Enter a Gentleman and a City Wife.

Reb. Look you there *John* jealousie; there's an example before your eyes, if nothing hang i' your sight; there you may see the difference between a fower husband and a sweet natur'd gentleman! good heart! how kindly he kisses her! and how feately she holds up the reb to him! little heart! when will you be so kind to your owne wife *John*!

Brit. Is that his wife thinke you?

Reb.

The Sparagus Garden.

Reb. No, no, I know her, tis *Mrs. Holy-backe* the precise Drapers wife: oh how my longing grows stronger in mee: & I see what shift soever a woman makes with her husband at home, a friend does best abroad.

All 3. Scene 10.

Enter Servant to them.
Ser. Indeed my *Mrs.* will not take this money, she wants two shillings.

Wom. Why is my peccer too light?

Ser. Two light for the reckoning *Mrs.* it comes to two & twenty shillings, and this is but twenty.

Gent. Unreasonable; how can she reckon it,

Ser. I know what you had sir, and we make no bills:

Gent. Well fare the Taverns yet, that though they cosen'd never so much, would downe with it one way or other: and their *Jacks*, go agen; now tell your *Mrs.* & that will hinder her for what.

Ser. Not a jot sir.

Gent. Then tell her the Countesse of *Cope* Hall is continuing to be her neighbour againe, and she may decline her trade very dangerously.

Ser. My *Mrs.* scorns your words sir.

Gent. You Rogue, you
Wom. Nay sweet *Cosen* make no uprate for my reputation; like; here youth there's two shillings more, commend me to your *Mis* stressie.

Ex. Ambo.

Driv. She payes the reckoning it seems.

Reb. It seems then he has beene as kind to her another way.

Enter Money-lacke, Hoyle, Sprague, & Blacke.

Mon. How is't? I hope you are not wrangling now, but better pleas'd than so.

Reb. No, no, sir *Hugb.* tis not the Sparagus can do't, unless the man were better:

Hoy. But may I now be confident that I am almost a gentleman.

Spr. Without that confidence you are nothing.

Mon. There wants nothing now, but that you learn the rules & rudiments, the principles and instructions for the carriages, congies, & complements, which we'll quickly put into you by practice.

Hoy. And then the spending the little rest of my money, & I am a cleare gentleman, & may see my uncle.

Mon.

The Sparagus Garden

Mon. Right; right. *Hoy.* And I will write it, and crowd it into as many Bonds as I can a purpose to write gentleman; *Timothy Heyden of Tanton*—no, of *London*, Gentleman: *London* is a common place for all gentlemen of my ranke, is it not?

Spr. Excellent, doe you not marke how finely he comes on? *Hoy.* But as I hope to live and dye a gentleman Mrs. what sh^e call, your reckoning was devillish deare: s^e daggers three pound for a few Cuckoe pintles, they were no better I thinke.

Spr. Now you fall backe againe, and derogate from the condition of a gentleman most grossly, to think any thing too deere you cate or drinke.

Hoy. Poxe on't, I had forgot. *Mon.* When he has his mutes and principles, which must be his next study, he will remember

Hoy. P^{er}ay let's about it quickly. *Mon.* Now we'll goe; but you forget me *Mistresse*.

Mat. No indeed sir *Hoy.* Here's two p^{er}ces for last week and this.

Mat. Tis well; Landlord and Landlady will you goe

Brit. Would you would long to be at home

Wif. Perhaps perhaps, and to be here againe, and there againe; and here, and there, and here againe; and all at once.

Brit. Hey kicke wif.

Wif. And I doe long to goe to *Windsor* too, to know if the prophesie be as in both these last reported here.

Mat. How did you heare of g^oses forsooth?

Wif. That all old women sh^oll die, and many young wifes sh^oll have Cuckolds to their husbands.

Mat. I heard forsooth that all young wifes sh^old dye that were p^{er}icariads when they were marryed.

Wif. And none other?

Mat. I heard forsooth that all young wifes sh^old dye that were p^{er}icariads when they were marryed.

Wif. You speake very comfortably: it may be a long journey to the worlds end yet.

Brit. It seems you are not proscribed by the prophesie then?

Wif. I thank my destiny.

Hoy. My first worke when I am compleat gentleman sh^oll bee

The Sparagus Garden.

to get them a Child, and make 'hem friends.

Mon. A most gentlemanly resolution.

Wif. And truly the City is much bound to such well affected gentlemen.

Exeunt.

Act 4. Scene 1.

Tom Hojden, Conit.

Tom. **I**S it possible that halfe this can be true, that a halfe brother of mine can be made such an ass all over?

Conit. Tis all true, as I am a Cursen fellow Mr. *Thomas*, every word on't; / scorne to lye in a fillibub, I; what lucke had I to mee te you? I never thought to see you at *London*.

Tom. S'daggers death, it has as good as vee'd me out o'my wits to think on't: was my vathers blood zo quaisome to him, (with a mischiefe to't) that he must let it out to be a gentleman, because his mother was one (by her owne report:) for our own parts we nother know nor care where hence she coame, nor whether she's gone, but dead she is) she brought my vather a good purse o' mony, and kept another in store it seems, till she could keep't no longer, and then bestow'd it well and wisely upon Chitty vace her zonne, to make him a gentleman, and told him, what great house he coame on by her side; for shee was a *Striker* forzooth, and ga'n directions to vinde an old Uncle of his here in Cuckold-shire, one Mr. *Striker*: but virst shee bade him put his zelfe into vashion, and bee sure to beare's zelfe like a Gentleman; and he has ta'ne a wife course to compasse it, it seems: I warrant he ha made a voole o' his voure hundred pound by this time.

Conit. Ay, and o'his zelfe too, as his Cony catchers ha handled him: And you had zeen't, you would ha' be pist your zelfe vor woe, how they blooded him,

Tom. Ah,

Conit.

The Sparagus Garden.

Coul. And then how they spurg'd his guts out.

Tom. Ah.

Col. A Bots light on 'hem, 'twould ha made a dog zick to zee how like a scalded pig he look'd.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha.

Coul. And then how they did vee'd 'ne with a zort of zlip zlaps not all worth a' melle o' milke porridge to 'make him vine vorfooth.

Tom. Ah.

Coul. Youle zee zuch an altrication in him as never was zeen in a brother.

Tom. But I wo' not zee 'n yet as voule a Clowne, as I am, and as vine a gentleman, as he is, I have a tricke i' my skonce to make a yonger brother o'ne.

Coul. I that would be zcene now.

Tom. I ha'r, and 'tis a vine one, I came to *London* to zeeke the voole my brother, and ha the same directions from our Curate, (to whom my mother told all) that *Tim* had to vinde his uncle *Strikers* house, and I ha quir'd it out; and this is it, and thou zhalt zee what I chill doe now: wh'are within.

All 4. Scene 2.

Enter Friswood to them.

Fris. Who would you speak with.

Tom. By your leave vorfooth, I would speake with the Mr o' the house: I understand his worships name is Mr. *Striker*.

Fris. He is so sir, but he is not in case to buy any cattell at this time.

Tom. Nor doe I come to zell 'n any; my comming is of a dead bodys errand vorfooth.

Fris. What strange fellow is this troe?

Tom. I pray vorfooth, and you bee old enough (as it zeems you be) to remember when my mother was a maid, did you know a zuster of Mr. *Strikers* that was married into *Zummerset* shire?

Fris. What was her name I pray?

Tom. Her Cursen name was *Andry*, she zed; and a *Striker* she as bevore she was married; but my vather made a *Hoyden*.

Fris. *Hoyden.*

Tom.

The Sparagus Garden.

Tom. Yes *Hoyden*, so I say; there be very good vokes o' th name, as you shall well know; I cham one my xelfe, and she neede not be asham'd I wusse o' the kin she coame on, to higger mugger it as she did to her dying day.

Fris. Most wonderfull, but is she dead?

Tom. Yes vaith she's dead, and as sumptuously buried, though I zay't, as any yeomans wife within ten mile of Tanton, any time these ten and twenty yeare.

Fris. Pray what were you to her?

Tom. I tell you, my vather married her; and I should bee her zonne I thinke.

Fris. Good heaven, how things will come about!

Tom. Coulter keep thy countenance Coulter, ile make, hem believe I am her very naturall zonne, & zee what will come on't.

Coul. Ile keepe my countenance, and zet a vace on't too and ne d be.

Fris. Your Vncle Striker at this time is very sicke fir, but I will acquaint him with your desire: pray walke into the next roome the while fir.

Tom. If he should dye now Coulter, and make me his heire?

Coul. I marry Mr. so you might make a better journey on't then the gentleman your brother. *Ex.*

Fris. This to me is the greatest wonder of all, that I am presently posses'd of my Mrs. sullen sicknes, which has ee'n drawn him to deaths doore, and my Mistresses unfortunable condition are nothing to this Country Hoydens relation:

Act 4. Scene 3. Enter Touchwood.

O Mr. *Touchwood*, you are the welcom'st Gentleman that ever could come into so heavy a house.

Touch. A sinking one it is I am sure: that nasty carrion thy Mr. is i' my nose already, I think I were best goe no further.

Fris. Let not the sadnesse of this place dismay you.

Touch. But is he dead already, ha?

Fris. Not altogether dead fir

Touch. The worse luck; and how does your Mistris? ha, ha, ha, well well I say nothing.

Fris. She is in bodily health fir, but very sad and much disconsolate, poore Damsell.

H

Touch.

The Sparagus Garden.

Touch. Not for her Grandfire, is she : if the worst dogge hee keeps howle for him, He worry sheepe with mine owne teeth, and trusse for him; but why is she sad, prethee tel me? ha, ha, ha.

Fris. I marvaile at your mirth sir.

Touch. I would now give her a new Gowne, to tell me the true cause that I might save mine oath, and tore out my rejoycings : 'twas a devillish trick of the Rascalls to bind me by oath never to speake of it, but to those that should tell me of it first. I have such a coyle to keep it in now : Prethee tell me, what has the old Traveller that is now bound for the Low Countries, gi'n thy Mrs. in his will, canst tell?

Fris. Alas he is offended with her, she has displeased him in somewhat, that is the maine cause of his mortall sicknesse.

Touch. That's my boy, there boy, there, that was a home blow.

Fris. She comes not at him sir, nor dares not see him: do you know any thing by her sir?

Touch. No, no, no, not I, not I; s'bores I bit my tongue too hard.

Fris. If you doe sir, would you would speake a good word for her, that he may dye in charity with her.

Touch. The jade jceres me, Ile stay no longer i' the house.

Fris. Nay good sir say not so, after so many messages and entreaties, by all the best o'the parish, and an exhortation made to you by the Minister himselfe: did you vouchsafe to come, and will you now come short to see my Master, now the Doctors have given him over, and he is dying?

Touch. I confesse 'twas my desire to see that dying that brought me hither: where is he? Ile hold my nose, and have at him.

Fris. I hope you will be friends with him now sir; for he's ee'n a going.

Touch. Friends? Ile rather goe with him, and fight it out by the way.

All 4. Scene 4.

Enter Striker brought in a Chaire, Curate.

Fris. Looke you sir here he is.

Touch. What up and in a Chaire?

Fris.

The Sparagus Garden.

Fris. Yes sir; he will not yield by any perswasion to dye in his bed.

Touch. Then he may live to be hanged yet, for ought I see.

Cnr. See sir, your neighbour *Touchwood* comes to be reconciled to you.

Touch. You are quite besides the book sir *Damne*, I have no friends in hell to send to by him: no sir, I come to see him dye, as he liv'd a hatefull miscreant.

Cnr. Let me pray and beseech you to speake more charitably, or else not to offend the dying man with your presence.

Touch. Doe I come to humour him, or you, or my selfe, thinke you: you that take upon you, and doe rather goe about to sooth him up in his sicknesse, then to fright him out of his paine, rather encourage him to live then rid the world of him, and his abominations.

Cnr. Best looke into your selfe Sir: The worlds a stage, on which you both are Actors, and neither to be his owne Judge.

Touch. But he has playd many vilde and beastly parts in it, let him goe, I would see his last *Exit*, and hisse him out of it, harke, the Ravens cry porke for him, and yet he dyes not.

Fris. O you are a hard-hearted man.

Touch. My heart's not hard enough to breake his, I would it were: where's your kinde hearted *Mistris*, fetch her, and trye what she can doe.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh, *Cough.*

Cnr. What have you done sir?

Touch. So, so, so, so it workes, it workes.

Stri. Out snarling Hell-bound my curse upon thee, and thy cursed sonne that has undone my Neece and mee: curse upon curse light on yee.

Cnr. Oh fearefull.

Touch. How heartily he prayes; sure he is neare his end.

Cnr. Pray sir depart, you are too uncharitable.

Touch. My sonne undone thy Neece: has he not done her think'st thou? ha, ha, ha.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh: Villaine thou knowst what he has done; huh, huh.

Touch. I know not whether I know or no; tell me, and Ile tell thee.

The Sparagus Garden.

Fris. Ile tell you then that which you know already,
Although you keepe it for a joy within you :
Your wicked sonne has by her owne confession
Done that unto her, that unlesse he play
The honest mans part and marry her, he will
Full dearly answer it in Hell.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh.

Touch. Speake English, has he laine with her ?

Fris. Tis so :

She has confest it to her grandfather,
To me, and Mr. Pancridge here is made
Acquainted with it.

Touch. Ha, ha, ha.

Cnr. The Virgin sayes
She is depusilated by your sonne.

Touch. Depusilated, ha, ha, ha.

Cnr. It is no laughing matter : therefore send
Speedily for your sonne, before the rumour
Make it ridiculous ; as yet none knowes it,
But we a slender few.

Touch. Will you direct
Your Divine Rhetoricke there to him ; and winne him
But to entreat me in this case, and try
What I will say to't.

Cnr. Be perswaded sir.

Stri. In this extremity I doe entreat you that they may marry.

Touch. I have my ends upon thee ; quickly dye,
And take thine owne, thy base submission
Has rendred thee more odious, more loathsome
To me than all thy former villanies.

Stri. Huh, huh huh.

Touch. And harken thee ere thou dyest, for now thou art going :
Before my sonne shall wed that whore thy Neece,
She shall bring all the hands of all the whore-masters
In City, Court, and Kingdome, (black Coats, and all)
I will spare none) unto a faire Certificate
That she is cleare of all men but my sonne.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh.

Touch.

The Sparagus Garden.

Touch. Nay more :
That she is cleare of him too; and that hee
Has never top'd her in the way we treat of,
Before he wed her : for my sonne shall not ride
In his old boots upon his wedding night :
So, now dye and sinke
Into thy grave, to rid us of thy stinke.

Cur. I have not knowne such want of charity.

Fris. Vnconscionable wretch, thou hast kild my Mr.

Stri. Vgh, ugh, no Fid ugh hem ! he has cur'd me :
I am light at heart agen : he has cur'd me ;
He has play'd the good Physitian 'gainst his will ;
And a halter be his fee for't.

Touch. The Devill I have, and his Dam it shall.

Stri. Ah hem ! I am light at heart agen.

Touch. O damn'd old counterfeit.

Fris. Well fare your heart old Master.

Stri. Though she prove bastard-bellied, I will owne her,
Cherish, maintaine, and keepe her from thy sonne.

Touch. Oh I could teare that tongue out.

Stri. Keep her child too.

Touch. Doe, and her next, and fill thy house with bastards.

Stri. Ile hold 'hem more legitimate than thy brood.

Cur. What meane you gentlemen ?

Stri. For thou, thy sonne, thy house is all a Bastard.

Touch. Beare witnesse, he calls my house a Bastard.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha.

Touch. Ile make thy house to smoak for't.

Stri. Beare witnesse here, he saies he will fire my house.

Cur. For neighbour-hood and Charity speak lower.

Stri. Tis' petty treason ; ile be wi' yee there sir.

Touch. And hang thy selfe old scare Crow.

Fris. Will you eate a peece of Ginger-bread for your Winde
Sir.

Touch. Out Witch.

Kicks her.

Fris. O murder, murder.

Stri. Ile lay as many actions on thee as thou hast bones in that
Swines foote of thine.

The Sparagus Garden.

Fris. My Nailles shall right me: Ile teach him to kick a woman.

Cur. Hold mistris *Friswood*,

Fris. O Villaine kicke a woman!

Touch. Thou laidst this plot to murther me, thou man-killer.

Stri. Blood-sucker thou ly'st.

Cur. Helpe from above, within, or any whence, in the name of sanctity I conjure you. *Flethere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*

Act 4. Scene 3:

Enter Tom and Coulter.

Tom. What's the matter? by your leave which is my zick Uncle? are you scuffling for's money before he be dead.

Coul. Wee'l part you with a vengeance.

Touch. Ha you your Tennants, your Clownes here brought in to butcher me?

Stri. Slave they are thine, brought in to spoyle and rob mee; I know 'he.n not.

Cur. I feare I have conjur'd up fiends indeed, how infernally they looke?

Tom. No sir, we come with no zick intendment on neither nother zide; but an you be Mr. *Striker*, we are o' your zide, an't bee to cut all the rest into Pot-hearbs.

To Touch.

Fris. No, this is my Mr.

Tom. Zay but the word then, and have at 'hem.

Touch. Had you your ambuscado for me?

Cur. They are a paire of the Sedan Mules I take it.

Coul. Moyles sir, wee be no Moyles would you should well know.

Tom. We be Curfen folke as good as your zelfe, and get you out o' the house by mine Vncles leave here.

Touch. Your Vncle, oh brave.

Tom. Or if I baste you not well a fine, and Lamb-skinne your jackets till your bones rattle i' your hides, then zay cha bewrai'd the house I coame on.

Touch. Well sir, Ile goe and leave you to your Vncle: rejoyce
fir

The Sparagus Garden.

fir with your kindred : I hope you will have more shortly, if your Neece prove fruitfull : Come Master Pancridge, will you goe?

Cur. With joy for your recovery, and manners to your privacy, Right Worshipfull I leave you to talke with' Clowne your Nephew.

Touch. Tarry, tarry ; as sure as a Club, this Clowne is sent for out of the Country, to soder up his crack'd Neece in Matrimony, and therefore calls him Vncle ; I could spoyle the Match, but by my oath I dare not ; and therefore Clowne take thy course: come let us goe Mr. Pancridge

Ex.

Stri. And why you my Nephew fir?

Tom. And why not I your Nephew ; han't she told you, and ha' not I told you as much as the matter's worth, and doe yee meane to vlee from the bargaine?

Stri. What new afflictions hourly find me out?

Fris. And for your health, I hope fir.

Stri. Sir, I have better testimony then your owne ; Tis true I lost a sister ; but till you Bring stronger prooffe she was your mother fir, Your Clowneship must not Vncle me ; am I we' you fir? Kings Crownes have beene pretended to by' impostures ; And knavery is as rife in Russet Wooll, As in the prowdest purple ; get you gone, There I am we' you directly.

Tom. 's't come to this now?

Conlt. Your project will not hold Mr. *Thomas*, best zeek your brother Tim, hee has a zertification from the parishi, and the Priest too, of all your mothers mind, and you could cofen him on't, and come agen, and uncle this weeke gentleman, whether he wooll or no ; 'twould be vine i'vaith.

Tom. Agreed : well fir, vor this time I ha no more to zay t' yee, since you be so budge : but he that made you zave you

Exeunt Amb.

Stri. Farewell fir, I doe beginne to think there's something in't.

Fris. He made me thinke he was your sisters sonne I am sure.

Stri. I will not think so, no he was set on By some of my maligners to abuse me ;

The Sparagus Garden.

It had beene good to ha laid him by the heeles :

But let him goe ; call downe my Neece out of

The melancholy miſt ſhe's chambred in,

All makes for her ; their vexing me, reſtores

Her to my love againe ; and reaſon good ;

She's mine owne naturall Neece : and though

She has loſt the husband, and the name ſhe ſought,

Yet ſhe appears a *Striker* ; and I will cheriſh her.

Come you ſhal grieve no longer, I am friends wi' yee: *Ent. Annab.*

Stand up, ſtand up I ſay, and look up too,

Off with this mourning veile, and dry thoſe teares:

I have conſider'd that right Noble Parents

Have pardon'd in their Children as great faults ;

But let it bee your warning, not your licence.

An. For your ſecurity I am content,

And would entreat to live in that retirement,

Which your faire Juſtice, and my ſoule offence

Of late confin'd mee to, to weepe and ſigh

My loathed life away.

Stri. No more : you ſhall

No longer live reclus'd in wilfull darkneſſe ;

Enjoy your former liberty ; ſee, and be ſcene :

And (as you weigh my pardon and my love)

Let not your blemiſh dwell upon your face ;

Nor any argument of griefe, or ſhame

Be legible there, to the moſt curious eye :

But let your cheek be chearefull, and your brow

Crown'd with as great a confidence, as may

Comply with Virgin Modeſty : and that

Adde to your beauty with full ſtrength of Art,

Beyond the eye to take a lovers heart.

An. In all I will obey you,

Stri. If I ma'c

Choife of a husband for you then, you'le take him.

An. Twill but become my duty.

Stri. A good girle.

Fris. Sir here's the Knight come againe, that has been here in
the time of your ſickneſſe to have ſcene you, and my Miſtris, but
could

Ex. Fris.

Scene 6.

*Ent. Annab.
and kneels.*

The Sparagus Garden.

could not : and left a letter for you once : hee that looks women through so.

Stri. Oh Sir *Arnold Cautions* : did you tell him I was o' the mending hand.

Fris. Yes I told him you were so, so.

Stri. Give me my Gowne and Cap though, and set mee charily in my sickly chaire; his letter is a treaty of a match betwixt his Nephew and my Neece : goe fetch him up. *Ex. Fris.*

In Neece, and be not seene untill I call you : untill you heare me call you, doe you heare? *Ex. Ann.*

Could I but catch this Cautious coxcombe Knight now ———
Ile put faire for't.

Act 4. Scene 7.

Enter Cautions and Friswood.

Fris. Here is the Knight sir.

Stri. Why reach you not a Chaire? I hope sir *Arnold* You'll pardon the necessity of my rudenesse :
I cannot rise, nor stoope, to you, uh, uh, uh.

Cant. Rather excuse me sir, that presse upon you
Thus in your weaknesse : but you understand
My businesse by my letter if you have read it.

Stri. Yes sir, goe forth ; but be not farre I pray you. *Ex. Fris.*
I have heard your Nephew is a wilde yong man.

Cant. A very bashtull boy I assure you ; that's the reason
That I am wonne to be a spokes-man for him.

Stri. Oh no dissembling sir ; you know he is wilde,
And suffers under your displeasure for't : uh, uh, uh.

Cant. A witch could not'geffe righter : but they say
That dying men are Prophets oftentimes.
Suppose he has beene wild, let me assure you
He's now reclaim'd, and has my good opinion :
And is as like in person and behaviour
To gaine the maids affection.

Stri. Speake to the purpose ; pray what's his estate?

Cant. I there's the poynt indeed : why sir, he has
A hundred pound a yeare ; and is withall
A hopefull, and a handsome gentleman.

Stri. Hopefull, and handsome ! uh, uh, uh.

The Sparagus Garden.

Cant. You sir have wealth enough.

Siri. And she has choise enough
Of greater matches : could I get her
Into a marriage vaine, but she'll not look
Upon a man not she ; but lives retir'd
Here in my house, and is a carefull Nurse :
She's fitter sir to be an old mans Nurse,
Then any young mans bride : uh, uh, uh, uh.

Cant. Is she so grave in youth ? I have often sought
A sight of her, but never could obtaine it.

Siri. Not without my consent I warrant you ;
Shee's nearer to a mother than a maid.
I tell you truth sir, and you know deceit
Becomes not dying men : uh, nh, uh. For vertue and obedience
She's fitter for your selfe then for your Nephew :
But to the poynt, a hundred pound a yeare
You say he has, and hopes and handsonnesse,
Which may acquire, with your assurance of
So much for joynture ——— Yes, a thousand pound
In portion with her : but sir let me tell you,
I'de rather give sixe thousand unto one
Of mine owne choise ; which she will not refuse,
If I but say this is the man, and take him.

Cant. Will not your Neece be seene : I faine would see her.

Siri. At hand : she will not out of my presence sir,
Nor ever was by man, not since the clocke
Of her Virginity struck eleven, not she,
Except at doore or window, as men passe :
And so perhaps your Nephew may have seene her.

Cant. Introth no otherwise ; and so he told me,
May not I see her sir ?

Siri. I tell you true ;
Deceit you know becomes not dying men : uh, uh, nh.
And therefore harke you sir, I have a purpose,
(That if she take the man whom I will chuse)
To make her my sole heire ; provided that
She match before I dye : uh, uh, I cannot last.

Cant. Pray let me see your Neece.

The Sparagus Garden.

Stri. *Friswood*——— why *Friswood*.

Cant. Is that her name ?

Stri. No sir, I call my maid.

Cant. A maid ; J took her for an old woman.

Stri. A maid upon my vertue : and I feare
That her frigidity has mortifi'd my Neece :
Deceit becomes not dying men you know
Friswood I say, I bad her not be farre :
I dare not straine my selfe to call her lowder.

Cant. He call her for you sir: *Fris*———

Stri. Hold sir, hold, pray use this whistle for me,
I dare not straine my selfe to winde it I,
The Doctors tell me it will spend my spirits, *Cant. whistles.*
So, so, enough sir——Fie, fie upon you :
Goe call my Neece, uh,uh. *Ex. Fris.*

Cant. Be of good cheare sir, and take courage man :
What you have beene a *Striker* in your dayes :
And may be agen, I would not have him dye.

Stri. Uh——alas I cannot last———why comes she not ?

Fris. I cannot get her from her work ; nor to
Beleeve me that you sent for her, because
I told her that a gentleman was with you

Stri. There was your fault, then I must call my selfe.
Why *Anna-bell*, ah, ah, ah, *An-na-bell.* *Ex. Fris.*

Cant. Take heede, straine not your selfe too hard, but send agen :
The rarest beauty that I e're beheld, *All 4. Scene 2.*
Which with a maiden-head of that growth, *Enter Annabell.*
Would be an absolute wonder, her sweet modesty,
And meeke obedience, justifies that too, *She kneels at*
And makes her up a miracle of nature ; *Strikers feet.*
My former misbelieve I doe renounce,
And at first sight, (which is the birth of love)
A faith growes in me, strengthened by the word
Of this expiring man, that chastity
Has not forsaken beauty.

Stri. You shall heare him.

Ann. What to propound a husband ? honour'd sir,
Although I rather wish to dye a Virgin ;

The Sparagus Garden.

Yet my obedience to your grave behests
Shall sway my will : your choise shall be my liking :
But let me thus much favour begge, before
You make that choise, that you will not destroy
The building you have rear'd ; your care and cost
Hath built me up by vertuous education,
Vnto that heighth that I consider heaven ;
And waxe so old in that high contemplation,
That to look downe on youthfull vanities,
Were to be at a stand ; and to delight in 'hem,
Were to fall backe againe ; and to be link'd
In marriage, to a man whose wilde affections
Are bent to worldly pleasures a maine perdition.

Cant. I dare not speak to her for my Nephew now :
Nor (though I love her strangely) for my selfe.

Ann. Doe you tell me of his Nephew sir ? even hee
The Knight himselfe, I hold to be too young
For a well govern'd man as the world goes.

Cant. I ha' not the heart to wrong her ; she's too good.

Fris. Sir, here's a gentleman presses at my heeles
To speak with you.

Act. 4. Scene 8

Enter Gilbert with his arme in a Scarffe.

Cant. Mr. Goldwire, what's your haste ?

Gil. I come to crye you mercy, and this good gentleman,
And this sweet Gentlewoman, who I take it
Is his faire Neece, of whom you are in treaty ;
If it be not already gone too farre ;
Let me entreate you not to put your finger
Further i'the businesse in behalfe of your Nephew.

Cant. You first mov'd me to't.

Gil. Tis that repents me :
Your base unworthy Nephew has abus'd me ;
I doe not speake it for a slight hurt he has gi'n me,
But for his breach of Faith to another Virgin.

Ann. Oh me ; and would you speak for such a man ?

Gil. And the false way, the plot he had upon you,
To put you on this enterprize, the Quarrell

The Sparagus Garden.

In which he rescu'd you, to indeere himselfe to you,
Was a meere counterfeite squable, a very trick
Contriv'd betwixt him, and his brother Poet
T'abuse your goodnesse :

I leave it to your consideration sir :

I am in haste ; and so I wish you health sir ;
And you much happinesse in a husband Lady.

*Gives her a
letter. Ex.*

An. Has given me here a letter, I want but
Place fit to peruse it.

Cant. Had he a plot upon me, He have my plot too ;
And now woe for my selfe sir if you please.

Siri. Sir, let me tell you, I thinke well of you, uh, uh,
Deceit becomes not dying men you know,
Shee would make ee'ne too good a wife for you :

For I have heard sir of your disposition,
Never to marry without best assurance,
First, of Virginity, and then of Chastity,
In her that you would chuse ; and let me tell you, uh, uh,
I know not where you can so well be fitted :
She's right, uh, uh, if you dare take a weak mans word,
Deceit would ill become me, uh, uh.

Cant. I take you at your word, and thanke you sir.

Siri. Vh, uh, uh, uh — O lay me in my bed :
You need not leave me yet sir.

Cant. No sir, no,
It shall be a match, or no match ere I goe. *Exeunt omnes.*
They lead Striker forth.

Act 4. Scene 9.

Money-lacks, Springe, Britleware, Hoyden.

Mon. **N**ow sir have you your rules by heart?

Hoy. Both Rules and Rudiments I have al ad unguem.

Mon. Repeate your Principles.

Hoy. Principles to be imprinted in the heart of every new made gentleman : To commend none but himselfe : to like no mans wit but his owne : to slight that which he understands not : to lend money, & never look for't agen : to take up upon obligation, & lend out upon affection : to owe much, but pay little : to sell land, but buy none : to pawn, but never to redeem agen : to fight for a whore :

The Sparagus Garden.

to cherish a Bawd, and desie a trades-man.

Mon. And can you observe and keepe these rules thinke you?

Hoy. I hope I can sir, and have begunne pretty well already: you see I have spent and lent all my money; and pawn'd all my Cloaths but these a my backe, as I am a cleare gentleman; and for the rest of the rudiments, and the severall carriages and deportments by garbe, by congy, complement, &c. which are to be attain'd by practice when I come abroad and amongst 'hem, you shall gaine credit by me.

Mon. I commend your confidence: now Mr. *Springe*, and Mr. *Brittleware*, play you the Complementalters before him a little, for his further instruction: Imagine them a couple of Courtiers scarcely acquainted fall to; and looke that you congy in the new French Bum-trick; here Landlord, take his Cloak and hat, to appeare more generous.

Hoy. Bum tricke!

Mon. Come meet and begin; play but two or three bouts at most at single Rapier complement, and one or two at Back-sword and you ha done: now observe sir.

Hoy. Single Rapier, and Back-sword Complement foyle.

Spr. Noble Master Fine-wit, the single example of Court-Ceremonie, if my apprehension deale fairely with me.

Brit. Sir, how auspiciously have I falne upon the knowledge of you by vertue of the same apprehension.

Mon. So, there's one.

Scene 10.

Enter Gil. Sam. Wat. aside.

Gil. What's here?

Sam. Peace, let's see a little more.

Hoy. As I am a Gentleman, a neate bout and fairely come off o' both sides.

Spr. Sir, I shall ever blesse the promptnesse of my memory, in being so fortunate to collect the fallacious acquaintance of so compleat a goodnesse.

Hoy. Sweet sir I shall ever blesse, &c. *Writes in his tables.*

Brit. Oh you are pleas'd out of that noble worth which can convert all things to the forme and image of its owne perfection,

The Sparagus Garden.

on to make your selfe glorious, with that which is miserably impoverished in it selfe.

Mon. Good, there's two.

Hoy. Miserably impoverished in it selfe — oh sweet.

Spr. Sir, you have such a conquering way in humility, that hee shall be sure to come off vanquish'd that offers to contend with you.

Brit. This is the noblest of all humanity to peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne.

Mon. A plaine hit that : here were three bouts well plaid.

Hoy. Peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne : most stately fine, as I am a gentleman.

Mon. So much for single Rapier : now for your secret wipe at Back-sword.

Hoy. I that I would see, like the hackling of the Millers leggs : now for a delicate back-blow.

Spr. See you yon fellow I held complement with ?

Hoy. Yes sir, a well-spoken gentleman and a lovely.

Spr. The arrantst trifle in a Kingdome.

Hoy. What he is not, is he ?

Spr. Made onely to make physicke worke : a very lumpe of Taughter.

Hoy. Ha, ha, ha.

Mon. You have done well : now you sir.

Brit. Doe you note him yonder that past from you ?

Hoy. That gallant sir ?

Brit. The very scorne at Court ;

So empty, not one passable part about him.

Mon. Good.

Brit. A very tilting stocke for yong practisers to break their jests on.

Mon. Enough.

Hoy. Good and enough ; doe you call this good enough, to abuse one another thus ?

Mon. Yes, this is quackword Complement : this wipes off the false praise which the first thrust on : you must bee seene in both, or you are no true garbist else.

Hoy. I shall soone hit o' this ; for from a whelp I could give scurvey language.

Gil.

The Sparagus Garden.

Gil. Now break in upon 'hem; save you sir *Hugh*.

Hoy. O course salutation: save you sir *Hugh*.

Mon. How got you hither gentlemen?

Wat. Here we are sir, and have scene part of your practice, your Courtly exercise.

Mon. Peace: but how got you in, and a stranger with yee?

Gil. He shall betray nothing.

Sam. We found faire entrance into the house. *Gil. & Wat*

Brit. 'Sfoot where's my wife then? *whisp. with Mon.*

Sam. If your wife be the gentlewoman o' the house sir, shee's now gone forth in one o' the new Hand-litters: what call yee it, a Sedan.

Brit. O Sedana.

Ex.

Spr. He's runne mad with his hornes.

Hoy. He's runne with my Hat and Cloak by your leave.

Spr. He'll come agen, neare doubt him.

Hoy. You say so small acquaintance; but I could ne're see any thing of mine againe, since I came amongst you, if it once got out of my sight: what money have I left troe? *Tells.*

Brit. I pray gentlemen which way took she:

Sam. Downe towards the Strand I tell you, in a new Litter, with the number one and twenty in the breech on't.

Brit. A Litter of one and twenty in her breech: High time to runne. *Exit.*

Gil. You see we have our plot in action too, sir *Hugh*, and it runnes fairely on.

Mon. But what a rogue art thou to put such a slur upon thine owne Vncle; first to put him on for thy selfe, then you with a Counterfeit trick to put him off o' that course, to runne desperately headlong to breake his owne necke in a match: what a Rogue art thou to use thine uncle thus?

Wat. Nay what a wretch were you, if you should crosse your daughter in such a fortune?

Mon. Which if I doe, cut my wind-pipe: what the yong rascal *Touchwood* is gone into *France* they say?

Wat. I he's safe enough.

Mon. Sir *Cautious* to be catch'd I if I doe not love my daughter the better for her lucky leg stretching, I am a villaine, I am taken with such kind of roguery. *Gil.*

The Sparagus Garden.

Gil. Take heed you have not a crosse plot in that itching pate of yours to spoyle all now.

Mon. Then cut my weasond I say.

Gil. And I sweare I will, or cut these hands off; I thought good to tell you so, because I know what tricks you have done, & what discoveries you have made for small parcells of ready money.

Mon. Hoo poxe, I want no money; now look there comes Mr. *Hoyden*, salute these gallants.

Hoy. What without a hat or cloak?

Mon. The better for a young beginner.

Hoy. Sweet sir, I shall ever blesse my auspicious starres, that thin'd me into the falicious acquaintance of so singular goodnes.

Gil. Sir you forget your selfe.

Hoy. Most singular sweet sir, most miserably impoverish't in it selfe.

Gil. Good sir forbear, make not an Idoll of me.

Hoy. You peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne.

Sam. Can you say this gentleman was a Clowne within this fortnight?

Hoy. Within this fortnight I assure you sir, as rank a Clown o' one side, as ever held Cow to Bull.

Sam. Had it beene o' both sides, it had beene miraculous.

Hoy. Now note me sir: doe you see that fellow I left?

Sam. Yes, tis my friend.

Hoy. The arrantest coxcomb in a Country

Sam. How sir?

Hoy. Made onely to make Physick worke.

Sam. You doe not know him sure.

Hoy. A tilting stocke for young practisers to break jests on: there's a wipe for you at backe sword Complement.

Sam. There's another for you sir.

Kicks him.

Hoy. You knock at the wrong doore sir, and I pittie your ignorance: goe to schoole as I have done, and learn more wit: kick a gentleman.

All 4. Scene 1.

Enter Tom Hoyden and Coulter.

Coul. Here he is, and here be all the crue on 'hem, and more.

Tom. Here? thou mockst he is not here: sure these be all Lords I thinke.

Wat. How now, what's he?

Spr. Slid 'tis his Clowne brother he spake of?

The Sparagus Garden.

Gil. Now break in upon 'hem; saye you sir *Hugh*.

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The Sparagus Garden.

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Singular sweet sir, most miserably impoverish't in it

sir forbear, make not an Idoll of me.

Seeke up the defect of your friend with a glory of

you say this gentleman was a Clowne within this

Within this fortnight I assure you sir, as rank a Clown o' side, as ever held Cow to Bull.

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All 4. Scene 1.

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Tom. Here? thou mockst he is not here: sure these be all Lords I thinke.

Wat. How now, what's he?

Spr. Slid 'tis his Clowne brother he spake of?

The Spanish Garden.

Tom. Is it possible? icha made a sweet ioint afo' you'de have I vound a vine voole o' thee: where's thy vour hundred pound & is that made a voole on too tree: where's the zartificate my mother ga' thee to vinde thine uncle Agi' me that, chill see what I can doe wi' it.

Hoy. Away Clowne I know thee not, canst thou complement?

Tom. Complement lyes, I can complement dagger outo' sheath, an I zet on't.

Coul. I hope he'll verze you, and make your wilken jacket hum: well zed Mr. *Thomas* to 'hem, and to 'hem all Ile zide yee.

Gil. Wat. Sam. Mr. *Thomas* does he call him?

Tom. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, and what zay you to that; and as good a Mr. as the best o' yee, and you goe to that; for by uds shall iudge me, I think you are all but a company of Cheaterlings; and if you doe not give the voole my brother fartification for the wrongs you ha' done him, and me in him, Ile canvas it out o' the carkasses o' zome o' yee, by uds daggers death will I. Draw, *Coulter*, & amongst 'hem.

Mon. Hold fir, hold, you shall have satisfaction.

Tom. O shall I zoe, put up againe *Coulter*.

Gil. This is a stout roring Clowne.

Mon. Where's the Mr. o' the house?

Spr. He's runne mad, after his wife, now he should look to his house.

Tom. Cha mich a doe to vorbear beating o' thee yst, my vingers doe zo itch at thee.

Hoy. I understand thee not, as I am a gentleman.

Tom. But now I thinke on't *Coulter*, we'll have all y' inc, & by a quieter way; and teach 'hem to licke hony, catch birds with Chaffe, or go to plow with dogs.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Hoy. Ha, ha, ha; who understands the Barbarian tro?

Coul. Uds yish Master they do nothing but jeer to you all this while now.

Tom. Doe they jeere, let 'hem jeer & gibe too; ile vetch ones Warrant shall out-jeere 'hem all, and he be above ground.

Alon. You shall not need fir; go but intill the Mr. of the house comes home, you shall have your desire.

Tom. You zay very well fir; zay well is good, but doe well is better. Lets zee what you will doe now.

The Sparagus Garden.

Gal. Remember we have warn'd you *fir Hugh*, we must leave you.
Tom. Nay I'll look to you; *firrah* come in my hand.

Mast. Now for a trick to rid us of this Clowne,
On our trade sinks, and up our house is blowne. *Ex. omnes.*

Act 5. Scene 1.

Enter Trampler and Touchwood.

Tram. **T**is as I tell you *Mr. Touchwood*; your sonne has lost a faire fortune in the young gentlewoman, and as I conceive by your wilfulness *Sir Arnold Campions* licks his lips at her, I assure you, and a sweet lick it is, fixe thousand pound in present portion. *Touch.* A sweet lick he has indeed if he knew all.

Tram. He does know all, *fir.*

Touch. If he did, I know what I know, good oath let me not lose thy vertue.

Tram. He knowes moreover, that *Mr. Striker*, her grandfather has covenanted to give her two thousand pound more at the birth of his first Child, lawfully begotten on her body.

Touch. Ha, ha, ha, but what if her first child prove illegitimate?

Tram. That is not to be thought *fir.*

Touch. Yes, and spoken too, if I durst; but good oath let mee not lose thy vertue. *Tram.* And then he had entred into ten thousand pound bond, to leave her his heire if she survive him.

Touch. But he's well recover'd you say.

Tram. Very lusty, very lively *fir.*

Touch. Then hang him, he'll never dye; I am a fear'd I must be faine to give him over, I shall never vex him to death; no, no, I shall never do't.

Tram. No *fir*, I heard himsele say, that your vexing him has bin his physick, and the best meanes to keep him alive.

Touch. Did he say so? He teare this match in peeces presently: and see how that will worke on him; ile do't, what's an oath to me, in respect offending him to the Devill, Ile do't.

Tram. I would you could *fir*, and recover her for your son yet.

Touch. Vmh. *Tram.* Because I love the yong gentleman wel

The Sparagus Garden.

Touch. Vmh, *Tram.* Though I assure you the writings are all past, sign'd, seal'd, and delivered; but I have 'hem in my hands yet, and can doe you a pleasure. *Touch.* Hmh.

Tram. And came purpos'd to advise you, because I loue your son.

Touch. Vmh—what a world of villany lies in the jobber noulle of a Lawyer. *Tram.* Thinke of it sir, and be speedy.

Touch. Right learned in the Law, and my sons friend Mr. *Trampler*, Mr. *Ambodexter Trampler*, you are a most notorious knave, &c and you shall heare on't o' both sides, as you take fees.

Tram. Nay, and you be so hot Mr *Touchwood* I am gone. *Ex.*

Touch. I know my course; either I will crack the heart-strings of *Striker*, in crossing this match, with the crack'd credit of his Neece, or else I will be friends with him; and that will kill him out right: But my oath still troubles me—Oh gentlemen you are welcome.

Act 5. Scene 2. Enter Gilbert and Wat.

Wat. Ha you heard sir of your sonne yet?

Touch. Not I, he lacks no money yet it seems:

Young Travellers make no other use of their fathers.

Gil. But ha you heard the newes of his young Mistris?

Touch. What of sir *Cautious* being catcht, the wife and wary gentleman, your Vncle, that would not beleeeve there could be a marriagable maid, though she were justified by a jury of Midwives, and therefore purpos'd to have dy'd a Bachelour: that he should now bee catch'd with a pip't Nut-shell, and a Maggot in't.

Wat. Sure he was strangely wrought to't.

Gil. I you must think

There have beene knavish heads us'd in the businesse.

Touch. But I wil crosse it and their knaveries, what ere they are.

Wat. I hope you will not crosse mine uncle in such a fortune tho.

Touch. What to marry a wench?

Wat. No, so much wealth sir.

Touch. Pray let me use my Christian Liberty, my Conscience pricks me to't, it must be done.

Enter Servant.

Now what say you sir?

Whisper.

Gil. We might ha spar'd this labour: he was resolv'd before we came it seemes to spoyle the marriage.

Wat. We could not bee too sure though: wee are now sure enough, that our dissuasions will spur him on the faster.

Gil.

The Sparagus Garden.

Gil. And we are no lesse sure, that *Sir Hugh Money-lacks* will let his strength to lift *Sir Campions* off o' the books, in hope of a matter of 5. Pound, though he forfeit the obligation of his throat by 't.

Wat. All the danger is, that *Sir Hugh* will be with mine Uncle too soon, & prevent the match before he be too deep engag'd in't.

Gil. For that my letter of instructions, which I have given *Amabel* shall prevent him; and *Striker* keeps *Sir Campions* in his house so warily, that untill the intended wedding houre, *Sir Hugh* shall not obtaine admittance.

Touch. Goe fetch 'hem in, and make the warrant: ha, ha, ha: Gentlemen will you heare, a complaint my man tells mee of certaine Clownes that desire my warrant to apprehend for notorious Cheaters, whom doe you thinke?

Gil. I cannot ghesse.

Touch. Even *Sir Hugh Money-lacks*, the mourning Knight, and some of his associates.

Gil. O my life it is the roring Clowne, about the new made Gentleman his brother.

All 5. Scene 3. Enter Tom and Coulter.

Touch. What is it you sir, *Mr. Strikers* Nephew, as I take it, you cald his great worships Uncle lately as I take it, and did your best to fore me out of his house.

Tom. Zheart *Coulter* we be fallen into the Bakers ditch.

Touch. And doe you bring your complaints to me sir, ha?

Coul. Zet a good vace on't; and weare no colours though.

Tom. I am an honest man, and a true man for all that, and I thought you the vittest to make my complaint to because you were the next Justice, to as pestilence a peece of villany as ever you were Master of in all your life: I come but for justice, and to pay vor what I take, and't be avore hand, here it is, whether it be vor your Clarke or your zelfe, who makes or meddles with it, your man has my complaint in writing, pray let me have your warrant.

Tom. You shal, but first tell me, how came it that you cald that *Striker* uncle. *Tom.* Vor caule that he is uncle to a voole that I ha' to my brother, and I thought I might be so bold wee'n, and he was not against it at virst, till you were gone, and then he bad me goe zeek better testimony, and so I went and vound my brother *Tim*, his owne zusters zonne I assure yee.

Touch. His Sisters sonne?

The Sparagus Garden.

Tom. Where he was made such a Time as ne're was heard on in
T^{own}, amongst a many Cheaters by misse here are a couple o' m^{en}.

Conl. These were o' the crew.

Touch. How now my Masters: sure fellow thou art mistaken.

Tom. No sir, I am not mistaken I but I take 'hem I, where I vindle
'hem I: And I charge your justiceship with 'hem I, til they bring
out my brother.

Touch. Bring out your brother: why what has your brother done?

Tom. Done: nay they have done and undone him amongst 'hem.
And I think devourd him quick too, for he is lost, & no where to
be found.

Touch. Do you know the meaning of any of this
gentlemen?

Gil. If he were your brother sir, that you found at Sir *Hugh*
Money-lacks lodging, you know we left him in your hands.

Wat. We slept in but by chance, & such a youth we found there, &
there we left him in your and their hands, that had the managing
of him. *Tom.* So you did, but what then did me the rest, but
pli'd me, and my man, *Conlter* here with wine, and sack, and some-
thing in't, I dare be zwoare that laid us a sleep, when we mistrus-
ted nothing but vaire play: oh speak *Conlter*, oh.

Conl. And then when we were vast asleep, they all gave us the zip,
the Knight was gon, and the Squire was gon, & Mr. *Tim* was gon,
but he was made away, without all peraventure, for all the parrell
that he wore was left behind: and then—speak Master.

Tom. And then the Mr o' the house came home, & made a mon-
strous wonderment for the losse of his wife; he could not vindle
her he zed, and so he vaire and vlatly thrust us out o' doores, and
is gone a hunting after his wife agen: speak *Conlter*.

Gil. Alas poore *Brielen* are.

Conl. And then we came for your warrant, to vind all these
men agen.

Tom. And to take 'hem where we vindle 'hem, &
these were zome on 'hem, when time was, and pray look to 'hem.

Touch. I know not what to make o' this, but sure there's some-
thing in't: And for these gentlemen ile see them forth-comming,

Wat. We thanke you sir.

Gil. And I will undertake Sir *Hugh Money-lacks* will be at the
Bride-house.

Touch. And thither will I instantly.

Gil. We'll waite upon you sir.

Tom. And I chill make bold to wait upon you till I be better
zartified.

Touch.

The Sparrow Garden.

Tench. You shall come on your way, come gentlemen.

Gil. Well, here is such a knot now to untie, but I have seen
As would turne *Oedipus* his braine awry.

All 3. Scene 4. Enter Curio and Brislware.

Cur. Be appeas'd and comforted good Mr. *Brislware*, trouble
not your head in running after your Intemperate breake your weighty
braines in seeking wayes after your wifes heeles, which are so
light by your owne report, they cannot crack an egge.

Brit. Her credit yet they may and winde.

Cur. Besides your wife is your wife where ere she is abroad as
well as at home, yea, lost perhaps as well as found: I am now going
to yoke a heifer to a husband, that perhaps, will say so shortly: whi-
ther away Mr. *Tramper*?

Scene 5. Enter Tramper.

Tram. To the wedding house: where I thinke I saw your wife
last night Mr. *Brislware*.

Brit. Did you see did you see
Tram. I cannot say directly; but I think 'twas she: does she not
call the gentlewoman Aunt that keeps Mr. *Smikys* house?

Brit. Yes Mistris *Friswood*, she is her Aunt Sir.

Cur. Come goe with us and find her.

Enter the Sedan, Hoy.

Brit. Pray gentleman stay for I suppose
She's here: here's a number one and twenty; & this is sure the litter.

Litter-man. What peep you for; you ought not to do so Sir.

Brit. By what Commission ought you to carry my wife in a
Close stooke under my nose.

Litter-man. 'Tis a close Chayre by your leave: And I pray for-
beares you know not who we carry.

Brit. I know the cloaths she weares, and I will see the party.

Hoy. I know that voyce, let me see the man; it is my Surgeon.

Tram. A Surgeon! I took you for a China Shop-keeper Master
Brislware; these by trades are for some by purposes, and I smell
knavery.

Cur. And Lawyers commonly are the best upon that sent.

Brit. Gentlemen this is a man that lay in my house.

Ho. A gentleman you would say, or my cost was ill besto'd there.
Brit. These are my goods he weares; that was my mothers
Gowne, and feloniously he weares it.

Hoy. 'Tis all I have to shew for foure hundred pound: I laid out
in your house; and Sir *Hugh* put it upon me, and hir'd these men
to carry me — Whither was it?

Litter-man. Up to a lodging in St. *Giles* Sir.

Hoy.

The Sparagus Garden.

Hoy. Where he promis'd to finish his worke of a gentleman in me, and send me to my Vncle.

Cur. O monstrum horrendum; a man in womens cloathes.

Tram. Tis felony by the Law.

Brit. Has fir Hugh gin me the slip to finish his work in private? it shall all out, I am resolv'd, though I bewray my selfe in't: pray gentlemen assist me with this party to Mr. Justice *Strikers*; you say my wife is there.

Tram. Yes you shall thither.

Brit. And there Ile take a course you shal smel knavery enough.

Hoy. I finde I am abus'd enough o' conscience: and shall be carried to mine Vncle now before my time and not as a gentleman, but as a gentlewoman, which grieves me worst of all.

Cur. *Hinc ille lacrima*, the youth is sure abus'd indeed.

Hoy. Oh.

Tram. Come leave your crying: And you beaſts up with your luggage, and along with us; ile fetch such drivers as shall ſer you on elſe.

Lizewoman. Let us be paid for our labour, and we'll carry him to Bride-well, if you please.

Hoy. Oh, oh, that ever I was born in this groaning chaire. *Ex.*

Act 5. Scene 7. Friswood and Rebecca.

Fris. It was well I ſent for thee Neece, to helpe me decke the Bride here; and that the jealous ſoole thy husband thinks thou art gone astray the while; it will be a meanes for thee to take thy liberty another night, and pay him home indeed, when he shall not have the power to miſtruſt thee: It is the common condition of Cuckolds to miſtruſt ſo much afore hand, that when they are Du'd indeed, they have not a glympſe of ſuſpition left.

Reb. Their hornes hang i'their light then; but truly Aunt, for mine owne part, I had rather my husband ſhould be jealous ſtil then be cur'd in that right kinde; though I confeſſe the ends of all my longings, and the vexations I have put him to Were but to run his jealousie out of breath, And make him pant under the frivolous weight He beares; that is, a Cuckold in conceit; Which without doubt he labours with by this time: And when he finds me cleare, 'twill be as well:

(I hope) and better then if it were done By the broad way of ſoule pollution.

Fris. Nay I doe not perſwade you, take the downe-right way, Nothing

The Sparagus Garden.

Nothing against your Conscience Neece ; I sent
For him to ha come and found you here by chance ;
But he has shut up house, and is runnie mad
About the Towne I heare to all your haunts.

Reb. He shall come hither and renounce his jealousie, &
And then entreat me too before I goe.

Scene 8.

Fris. Yes, that's a wise wives part. *Ent. Strik. & Cant.*

Siri. What's the Bride ready ? *Fris.* Yes sir, she's drest.

Reb. And drest, and drest indeed ;
Never was maid so drest : oh sir you are happy ;
The happiest Knight, and are now in election
Of the most sweet encounter in a bride,
That e're your chivalry could couch a Lance at.

Cant. I thanke you Mrs. and Ile bring her shortly to bestow mony
w' yee in China wares. *Reb.* She is her self the purest piece of Pur-
lane—that e're had liquid sweet meats lick'd out of it.

Cant. And purer too I hope. *Siri.* Go call her down.

Fris. She's at her private prayers yet sir, she.

Siri. When she has done, then hasten her away. *Ex. Fris. Reb.*

Reb. Such Brides doe seldome make their grooms their prey.

Siri. Doe you now conclude Sir *Arnold* you are happy ? *Scene 9.*

Cant. As man can be being so neare a wife. *Ent. Manlacks.*

Mon. By your leave gentlemen. *Siri.* He come? I fear a mischief.

Mon. How comes it Father *Striker*, and sonne *Cautious* in election
That you huddle up a match here for my child,
And I not made acquainted, as unworthy,
Vntill the very intended marriage houre?

Siri. Who sent you hither, I sent not for you now sir :
And there I am wi' yee sir.

Mon. Tis true, I covenanted not to come at you,
Vntill you sent for me, unlesse you found
Young *Touchwood* had the love of *Annabell*,
You have heard he has touch'd her has he not?

Siri. Hold your peace. *Mon.* Has he not made her *Touchwood* too?

Siri. Can you say so? *Mon.* Yes, & struck fire too in her tinderbox.

Siri. You will not speak thus.

Mon. To you I neede not ; for you know't already ;
But to my friend Sir *Cautious*, whom I honour,
And would not see so shipwrack'd, I may speake it.

L

Siri.

The Sparagus Garden.

Stri. Will you undo your daughter?

Mon. My daughter; no you shall not put her upon me now.
She is your daughter sir: if I but call her mine,
Or suffer her to aske me a bare blessing,
You'll thrust her out: no, you adopted her
In your owne name, and made a *Striker* of her,
No more a *Monylacks*.

Stri. The beggarly Knight is desperate,
And should he out with it, my shame were endlesse:
This is the way or none to stop his mouth:
Tis but a money matter; stay a little

Mon. Goe away sir *Arnold*, I must speak wth yee.

Cant. I am not going sir.

Stri. Be not a Mad-man, here, here's forty peeces,
I know you use to strike for smaller summes:
But take it for your silence, and withall
My constant love, and my continuall friendship.

Mon. Give me your hand o' that; enough. *Sir Arnold*,

Cant. What say you to me sir *Hugh*?

Stri. What does he meane tro?

Mon. You must not have my daughter.

Cant. No sir *Hugh*,

Mon. Unlesse you meane to take anothers leavings.

Stri. Oh devillish reprobate.

Cant. How mean you that?

Mon. Till she has buried first another husband,
And he leave her a widow: I am her father,
And claime a fathers interest in her choice;
And I have promis'd her to one already,
This very day, because I was not privy
To your proceedings; and have taken here
This faire assumption forty peeces sir;
You might admire how I should have 'hem otherwise.

Stri. Here's an impudent villaine.

Mon. For these I give a hundred, if you wed her.

Cant. To shew my love unto your daughter sir Ile pay't.

Mon. Security in hand were good.

Cant. Pray lend me sir a hundred Peeces.

Stri. I dare not crosse this devill, I must fetch 'hem.

Ex.

Mon. I will ne're the lesse be my disparagement.

Cant. What, when they know her grandfather dispos'd her,
That has the care of her, and gives her portion?

And

The Sparagus Garden.

And then he can ha' but his money, can hee?

Mon. Oh but the wench, the wench, is such a wench,
Scarcely two such marryed in a Dioecesse,
In twice two twelve moneths, for right and straight ones.

Cant. There said you well; the straight ones I like well:
But those that men call right, or good ones, suffer
A by Construction.

Scene 10.

Mon. Amongst the lewd. *Enter Striker with a purse.*

Siri. Here sir. *Mon.* But is here weight and number sir?

Stri. Now the fiend stretch thee—you may take my word.

Mon. Here I am wi' yee sir.

Scene 11. Enter Gilbert, Wat, Touchwood, Tom, Sam.

Gil. Though you are fully bent to crosse the marriage,
Yet lets entreat you not to be too suddaine.

Tom. Till they come to the word, for better, for worse
I will not touch at it.

Siri. How now, what mates breake in upon us here?

Touch. I come not as a guest sir, or spectator
To your great wedding, but o'the Kings affaires;
In which I must crave your assistance sir;
Deny't me, or my entrance, if you dare.

Siri. It is some weighty matter sure then. *Touch.* So it is sir,
But not to trouble your sconce with too much businesse
At once, pursue your owne, we will attend a while.

Cant. In that he has said well; I would the Bride
And Priest were come once; I am content they stand
For witnesses: what my kind Nephew are you here?
I thanke you for your plot, you see what 'tis come to.

Wat. Tis not all finish'd yet sir. *Cant.* But it may bee
All in good time, the Bride is comming now.
You and your brother Poet are grown friends I see.

Touch. Whats he? *Gil.* A friend of *Wats* he brought for company.
Tom. He was amongst 'hem too at the cheating exercise, and yonds
the Knight himselfe; I know 'hem all I troe.

Touch. And you'll stand to this, that your lost brother
Was *Strikers* Sister *Andreyes* sonne.

Tom. I ha told you twenty times, and yet because you say you'll
stand my vrend, ile tell you more, she was with child with *Tim* be-
vore my vather married her (she brought him in her belly vrom this

The Sparagus Garden.

towne here (where they get Child ren without veare or wit) but vor her money, and's owne credits zake, my vather was well apaid to keep it vor his owne; and no body knew to the Contrary, not *Tim* himzelse to this houre.

Touch. Then how camst thou to know it?

Tim. My vather told it me upon his death-bed, and charg'd me on his blessing, never to open my mouth to man, woman, nor child, zo I told no body but vokes on't.

Touch. Wel, hold thy peace, tis an absolute wonder! now to the wedding. *Scene 12. Enter Curate, Tramp. Ann, Fris, Reb.*

Can. Hows this? my bride in mourning habit, & her head in willow?

Siri. What's the meaning of it?

Reb. I said she was drest as never Bride was drest.

Touch. A solemne shew, and suiting well the Scene. She seems round bellied, and you marke it too.

Ann. My habit and my dressing suits my fortune.

Siri. Pray sir doe your office, her conceit We will know afterward. *Cur.* Hem, hem.

Ann. Oh, oh. *singes.*

Fris. Oh me; why Mistris look up, look up I say.

Reb. Clap her cheek, rub her nose.

Fris. Sprinkle cold water on her face.

Reb. Cut her lace, cut her lace, and bow her forward, so, so, so.

Touch. Ile lay my life she quickens now with child. *An.* Oh.

Mon. What think you is the matter?

Can. Women how is it with her?

Fris. Sir, as with other women in her case.

Can. How's that I pray you. *Reb.* Twill out, 'twill out, you have bin doing something afore-hand sir. *Can.* Have I?

Reb. It seems so by the story. *Can.* Is she so drest?

Tom. Ha, ha, ha.

Fris. You may leave laughing, it was your sonne that did it.

Siri. I am undone, my house disgrac'd for ever.

Touch. He knew't before hand, now I may declar't, Speake o' thy Conscience, didit not?

Siri. Oh my heart. *Touch.* Oh the hangman.

Can. Deceite becomes not dying men you know, Into a whirlepoole of confusion
Sink thou and all thy family, accursed miser.

Touch.

The Sparagus Garden.

Touch. This was a sure way now Sir *Cautious*,
To marry a maid, there's one i' the mothers belly.

Siri. Vh, uh, uh, uh.

Cant. You knew not where I could be so well fitted.

Siri. Vh, uh, uh.

Cant. A rot o' your dissembling intrailles, spit 'hem out, you durst
not strain your selfe to wind your whistle, your Doctor told you it
would spend your spirits, so made me whistle for her

Siri. Vh, uh, uh.

Touch. Cheare up, cheare up. I may be friends wi' yee now.
Here's one has cause, and knows the way to vex yee,
To preserve life in you as well as I.

Siri. A hem, a hem, I will out-live you both :
This dayes vexation is enough for a life time.

Cant. And may it last thee to thy lives last houre.

Touch. Now let me talke wi' yee, and come you hither sir.

Tram. I tell you true, your writings are so past, that if you goe
Not off by composition, you'll shake your whole estate.

Cant. Come hither Nephew,
He give thee a thousand pound, and take her off mee.

Wat. I cannot with my reputation now :
But I will doe my best to worke a friend to't.

Cant. Prethee doe, trye thy Poeticall souldier,

Mon. That Clowne come hither too : I feare I am trapt.

Touch. Tis all as I have told you, and without question,
The man in question is your sisters sonne.

Siri. Would it might prove so, that I had yet a Nephew,
For now my Neece is lost.

Touch. Here's one shall find him out: or stretch a neck for'r.
Sir *Hugh* you are charg'd for making of a gentleman.

Mon. Now I am in. *Tom.* And more then so, for making him away.

Mon. What gentleman? *Tom.* Marry my brother *Tim*.

Touch. Your patience yet a while : now gentlemen all,
Sir *Cautious*, and the rest, pray heare a story :

I have bin often urg'd to yield the cause
Of the long quarrell twixt this man and me :

Thirty yeares growth it has, he never durst
Reveale the reason ; I being fullen would not.

Siri. You will not tell it now?

The Sparagus Garden.

Touch. Indeed I will:

He had a sister (peace to her memory)
That in my youth I lov'd, shee me so much,
That we concluded, we were man and wife,
And dreadlesse of all marriage lets, we did
Anticipate the pleasures of the bed.
Nay it shall out; briefly, she prov'd with child:
This covetous man then greedy of her portion,
(Of which for the most part he was posselt)
Forces her with her shame to leave his house,
She makes her moane to me, I then (which since
I have with teares a thousand times repented)
Against my heart stood off, in hope to winne
Her Dowry from him: when she gentle soule
(Whom I must now bewaile) when she I say,
Not knowing my reserv'd intent, from him and me,
From friends, and all the world, for ought we knew,
Suddainly slipt away: after five yeares
I tooke another wife, by whom I had
The sonne, that has done that the woman sayes:
But where I left, if this mans tale be true,
She had a sonne, whom I demanda of you.

Tom. I shall have a kind of an uncle of you anon,
And you prove *Tim*s vather.

Tram. The young Gentleman that sir *Hugh* had in handling, is in
the house, and Master *Brustleware* with him.

Cur. Only we kept em back, till our more serious office were ended.

Touch. Pray em in, lets see him.

Exit Tram.

Gil. Sir, will it please you first to see a match quickly clapt up?
This Gentleman whom I know every way deserving, were your
Neece now in her prime of Fortune and of Vertue, desires to have
her, and she him as much.

Touch. Hee shall not have her.

Stri. How can you say so? *Wat.* He knowes his son I feare.

Touch. My son shall make his fault good, and restore her honor to
her if he lives, in meed for your faire sisters wrong and my misdeede,
my son shall marry her, provided that he take her in his Conscience
unstain'd by any other man.

Stri. On that condition

He give her all the worldly good I have.

Sam. Ann. We take you at your word.

Touch. My sonne!

Sam.

The Sparagus Garden.

Sam. Take her not with all faults, but without any least blemish.

Ann. My supposed stain: Thus I cast from me.

Tom. Zmiles a Cushion, how warme her belly has made it.

Ann. And that all was but a plot 'twixt him and me, and these gentlemen: This paper may resolve you.

Sam. Tis mine owne hand by which I instructed her by a dissembled way, to wound her honour.

Ann. Which, to preserve my love, againe ide doe,
Hoping that you forgive it in me too.

Cane. Now am I cheated both wayes.

Wat. The plot is finish'd: now thanks for your thousand pound sir.

Touch. You are mine owne; welcome into my bosome.

Act. 5 Scene 13.

Enter Hoyden, Trampler, Brittleware.

Tom. Whoops, who comes here, my brother *Tim* drest like Master Maiors wife of *Townton-Deane*.

Hoy. Tis all I could get to scape with out of the cozning house; and all I have to shew of foure hundred pound; but this certificate and this small jewel which my dying mother ga'me me, and I had much ado to hide it from the Cheaters, to bring unto mine Vncle; which is he?

Stri. Lets see your token Sir.

Touch. This is a jewell that I gave my *Sudrey*.

Hoy. What was my mother.

Tom. And that's your vathier he saies.

Hoy. And a gentleman? what a divellish deale of mony might I ha fav'd! for gentle-men let me tell you, I have been cozen'd black and blew; backe-guld and belly-guld; and have nothing left me but a little bare Complement to live upon, as I am a cleare gentleman.

Stri. Will you bestow some of it upon me.

Hoy. Vncle you shall: First I'll give you a hit at single Rapier complement: and then a wipe or two with the Back-sword Complement and I ha done.

Stri. Pray begin.

Hoy. Noble Mr. *Striker* the grave Magistrate (if my apprehension deale fairely with me) whose prayes reach to Heaven, for the faire distribution of equall justice: the poore mans Sanctuary, the righter of widdowes, and the Orphans wrongs.

Stri. Enough, enough, you have sayd very well.

Hoy. Note you yond justice sits upon the Bench?

Touch. Yes, I do note him.

Hoy. The Stockes were fitter for him: the most corrupted fellow about

The Sparagus Garden.

about the Suburbs, his conscience is stew'd in Bribes; all this poore neighbours curse him; tis though he keeps a whoot now at threescore.

Touch. A very Western Southsayer, thou art mine owne.

Hoy. His Neece is much suspected;

Touch. Nay there you went too farre, this is his Neece, and my daughter now.

Hoy. I know no Neece he has, I speak but backsword complement.

Siri. You put me wel in mind, though, here's one, that ere the Parson and we part, ile make an honest woman.

Touch. And for your part sir *Hugh*, you shall make satisfaction, and

bring in your Confederates.

Hoy. Here's one that came to complaine of me for my Robes here, but I ha lost my small acquaintance.

Mon. Ile answer for him too, & give you al the satisfaction that I can

Touch. What you cannot shall be remitted, we have all our faults.

Bris. And have I found thee *Beck* in so good company?

Reb. I *Jacke*, be you jealous no more, and I will long no more to vex thee.

Fris. Live lovingly and honestly I charge you, or come not at mee when I am married.

Touch. This yonker ile take care for,

And make him a new gentleman by new breeding,

Withont the Dyet, bathing, purge, or bleeding.

Hoy. Sweet Sir I thank you.

Tom. Ile home againe then and make *Tam* ring on't.

Siri. Our quartell in this peece of folly ends.

Touch. He parted us, and he has made us friends.

Cant. Nephew, and Gentlemen, I am friends with all.

You had your plot upon me, I had mine.

Siri. Lets in, and end all differences in wine.

The Epilogue.

A I first we made no boast, and still we feare,

We have not answer'd expectation here,

Yet give us leave to hope, as hope to live,

That you will grace, as well as Iustice give,

We do not dare your Iudgments now: for we

Know lookers on more then the Gamsters see;

And what ere Poets write, we Act, or say,

Tis only in your hands to Crowne a Play.

FINIS.

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